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VOLUME XX

OCTOBER 16-31

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THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He, who made the Lamb, make thee!

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE

▼

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OCTOBER 16–31

			PAGE
The Tiger		*William Blake*	v
16.	Travels	*Tobias Smollett*	1
17.	Religio Medici	*Sir Thomas Browne*	14
18.	The Song of Triumphant Love	*Ivan Turgenev*	28
19.	The Paris of Some Americans	*Arthur Bartlett Maurice*	59
20.	Some Erewhonian Trials	*Samuel Butler*	77
	The Views of the Erewhonians Concerning Death	*Samuel Butler*	87
21.	Biographia Literaria	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	97
	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	99
22.	Autobiography	*George Eliot*	124
23.	Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow	*Thomas de Quincey*	138
24.	A Tillyloss Scandal	*James Matthew Barrie*	149
25.	The Author to the Reader	*Michel de Montaigne*	220
	Of the Inequality Among Us	*Michel de Montaigne*	221
26.	Bright Eyes	*Jim Tully*	238
27.	Autobiography	*Theodore Roosevelt*	256
	Burroughs and Roosevelt	*Clara Barrus*	276
28.	The Republic	*Plato*	287
29.	To Autumn	*John Keats*	300
	Fancy	*John Keats*	301
	On Seeing the Elgin Marbles	*John Keats*	304
	On the Sea	*John Keats*	305
	"When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be"	*John Keats*	306

			PAGE
	"Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art"	*John Keats*	306
	On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer	*John Keats*	307
	Ode	*John Keats*	307
	Ode on a Grecian Urn	*John Keats*	309
	Ode to Psyche	*John Keats*	311
30.	The Lost Joy	*Olive Schreiner*	314
	A Dream of Wild Bees	*Olive Schreiner*	318
31.	The Paymaster of the Regiment	*Selma Lagerlöf*	323

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
JOHN KEATS	*Frontispiece*
IVAN TURGENEV	48
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	112
JOHN BURROUGHS	280

READING FOR OCTOBER 16–31

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

OCTOBER 16

TRAVELS

Nice, September 2, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I wrote in May to Mr. B—— at Geneva, and gave him what information he desired to have, touching the conveniences of Nice. I shall now enter into the same detail, for the benefit of such of your friends or patients, as may have occasion to try this climate.

The journey from Calais to Nice, of four persons in a coach, or two post-chaises, with a servant on horseback, travelling post, may be performed with ease, for about one hundred and twenty pounds, including every expence. Either at Calais or at Paris, you will always find a travelling coach or berline, which you may buy for thirty or forty guineas, and this will serve very well to reconvey you to your own country.

In the town of Nice, you will find no ready-furnished lodgings for a whole family. Just without one of the gates, there are two houses to be let, ready-furnished, for about five loui'dores per month. As for the country houses in this neighbourhood, they are damp in winter, and generally

without chimnies; and in summer they are rendered uninhabitable by the heat and the vermin. If you hire a tenement in Nice, you must take it for a year certain; and this will cost you about twenty pounds sterling. For this price, I have a ground floor paved with brick, consisting of a kitchen, two large halls, a couple of good rooms with chimnies, three large closets that serve for bed-chambers, and dressing-rooms, a butler's room, and three apartments for servants, lumber or stores, to which we ascend by narrow wooden stairs. I have likewise two small gardens, well stocked with oranges, lemons, peaches, figs, grapes, corinths, sallad, and pot-herbs. It is supplied with a draw-well of good water, and there is another in the vestibule of the house, which is cool, large, and magnificent. You may hire furniture for such a tenement for about two guineas a month: but I chose rather to buy what was necessary; and this cost me about sixty pounds. I suppose it will fetch me about half the money when I leave the place. It is very difficult to find a tolerable cook at Nice. A common maid, who serves the people of the country, for three or four livres a month, will not live with an English family under eight or ten. They are all slovenly, slothful, and unconscionable cheats. The markets at Nice are tolerably well supplied. Their beef, which comes from Piedmont, is pretty good, and we have it all the year. In the winter we have likewise excellent pork, and delicate lamb; but the mutton is indifferent. Piedmont,

also, affords us delicious capons, fed with maize; and this country produces excellent turkeys, but very few geese. Chickens and pullets are extremely meagre. I have tried to fatten them, without success. In summer they are subject to the pip, and die in great numbers. Autumn and winter are the seasons for game: hares, partridges, quails, wild-pigeons, woodcocks, snipes, thrushes, beccaficas, and ortolans. Wild-boar is sometimes found in the mountains: it has a delicious taste, not unlike that of the wild hog in Jamaica; and would make an excellent barbecue, about the beginning of winter, when it is in good case: but, when meagre, the head only is presented at tables. Pheasants are very scarce. As for the heath-game, I never saw but one cock, which my servant bought in the market, and brought home; but the commandant's cook came into my kitchen, and carried it off, after it was half plucked, saying, his master had company to dinner. The hares are large, plump, and juicy. The partridges are generally of the red sort; large as pullets, and of a good flavour: there are also some grey partridges in the mountains; and another sort of a white colour, that weigh four or five pounds each. Beccaficas are smaller than sparrows, but very fat, and they are generally eaten half raw. The best way of dressing them is to stuff them into a roll, scooped of its crum; to baste them well with butter, and roast them, until they are brown and crisp. The ortolans are kept in cages, and crammed, until they die of fat, then eaten as dainties.

The thrush is presented with the trail, because the bird feeds on olives. They may as well eat the trail of a sheep, because it feeds on the aromatic herbs of the mountain. In the summer, we have beef, veal, and mutton, chicken, and ducks; which last are very fat, and very flabby. All the meat is tough in this season, because the excessive heat, and great number of flies, will not admit of its being kept any time after it is killed. Butter and milk, though not very delicate, we have all the year. Our tea and fine sugar come from Marseilles, at a very reasonable price.

Nice is not without variety of fish; though they are not counted so good in their kinds as those of the ocean. Soals, and flat-fish in general, are scarce. Here are some mullets, both grey and red. We sometimes see the dory, which is called *St. Pierre;* with rock-fish, bonita, and mackarel. The gurnard appears pretty often; and there is plenty of a kind of large whiting, which eats pretty well; but has not the delicacy of that which is caught on our coast. One of the best fish of this country is called *Le Loup*, about two or three pounds in weight; white, firm, and well-flavoured. Another, no-way inferior to it, is the *Moustel*, about the same size; of a dark-grey colour, and short, blunt snout; growing thinner and flatter from the shoulders downwards, so as to resemble a soal at the tail. This cannot be the *mustela* of the antients, which is supposed to be the sea lamprey. Here too are found the *vyvre*, or, as we call it, weaver; remarkable for its long, sharp

spines, so dangerous to the fingers of the fishermen. We have abundance of the *sæpia*, or cuttle-fish, of which the people in this country make a delicate ragout; as also of the *polype de mer*, which is an ugly animal, with long feelers, like tails, which they often wind about the legs of the fishermen. They are stewed with onions, and eat something like cow-heel. The market sometimes affords the *ecrivisse de mer*, which is a lobster without claws, of a sweetish taste; and there are a few rock oysters, very small and very rank. Sometimes the fishermen find, under water, pieces of a very hard cement, like plaister of Paris, which contain a kind of muscle, called *la datte*, from its resemblance to a date. These petrifactions are commonly of a triangular form, and may weigh about twelve or fifteen pounds each; and one of them may contain a dozen of these muscles, which have nothing extraordinary in the taste or flavour though extremely curious, as found alive and juicy, in the heart of a rock, almost as hard as marble, without any visible communication with the air or water. I take it for granted, however, that the inclosing cement is porous, and admits the finer parts of the surrounding fluid. In order to reach the muscles, this cement must be broken with large hammers; and it may be truly said, the kernal is not worth the trouble of cracking the shell.[1] Among the fish of this country, there is a

[1]These are found in great plenty at *Ancona* and other parts of the *Adriatic*, where they go by the name of *Bollani*, as we are informed by *Keysler*.

very ugly animal of the eel species, which might pass for a serpent: it is of a dusky, black colour, marked with spots of yellow, about eighteen inches, or two feet long. The Italians call it *murena;* but whether it is the fish which had the same name among the antient Romans, I cannot pretend to determine. The antient murena was counted a great delicacy, and was kept in ponds for extraordinary occasions. Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one entertainment: but I imagined this was the river lamprey. The murena of this country is in no esteem, and only eaten by the poor people. Craw-fish and trout are rarely found in the rivers among the mountains. The sword-fish is much esteemed in Nice, and called *l'empereur*, about six or seven feet long: but I have never seen it.[1] They are very scarce; and when taken, are generally concealed, because the head belongs to the commandant, who has likewise the privilege of buying the best fish at a very low price. For which reason, the choice pieces are concealed by the fishermen, and sent privately to Piedmont or Genoa. But, the chief fisheries on this coast are of the sardines, anchovies, and tunny. These are taken in small quantities all the year; but spring and summer is the season when they mostly abound. In June and July, a fleet of about fifty fishing-boats puts to sea every evening about eight o'clock, and

[1]Since I wrote the above letter, I have eaten several times of this fish, which is as white as the finest veal, and extremely delicate. The emperor associates with the tunny fish, and is always taken in their company.

catches anchovies in immense quantities. One small boat sometimes takes in one night twenty-five rup, amounting to six hundred weight; but it must be observed, that the pound here, as well as in other parts of Italy, consists but of twelve ounces. Anchovies, besides their making a considerable article in the commerce of Nice, are a great resource in all families. The noblesse and burgeois sup on sallad and anchovies, which are eaten on all their meagre days. The fishermen and mariners all along this coast have scarce any other food but dry bread, with a few pickled anchovies; and when the fish is eaten, they rub their crusts with the brine. Nothing can be more delicious than fresh anchovies fried in oil: I prefer them to the smelts of the Thames. I need not mention, that the sardines and anchovies are caught in nets; salted, barrelled, and exported into all the different kingdoms and states of Europe. The sardines, however, are largest and fattest in the month of September. A company of adventurers have farmed the tunny-fishery of the king, for six years; a monopoly, for which they pay about three thousand pounds sterling. They are at a very considerable expence for nets, boats, and attendance. Their nets are disposed in a very curious manner across the small bay of St. Hospice, in this neighbourhood, where the fish chiefly resort. They are never removed, except in the winter, and when they want repair: but there are avenues for the fish to enter, and pass, from one inclosure to another. There is a man in

a boat, who constantly keeps watch. When he perceives they are fairly entered, he has a method for shutting all the passes, and confining the fish to one apartment of the net, which is lifted up into the boat, until the prisoners are taken and secured. The tunny-fish generally runs from fifty to one hundred weight; but some of them are much larger. They are immediately gutted, boiled, and cut in slices. The guts and head afford oil: the slices are partly dried, to be eaten occasionally with oil and vinegar, or barrelled up in oil, to be exported. It is counted a delicacy in Italy and Piedmont, and tastes not unlike sturgeon. The famous pickle of the ancients, called garum, was made of the gills and blood of the tunny, or thynnus. There is a much more considerable fishery of it in Sardinia, where it is said to employ four hundred persons; but this belongs to the duc de St. Pierre. In the neighbourhood of Villa Franca, there are people always employed in fishing for coral and sponge, which grow adhering to the rocks under water. Their methods do not favour much of ingenuity. For the coral, they lower down a swab, composed of what is called spunyarn on board our ships of war, hanging in distinct threads, and sunk by means of a great weight, which, striking against the coral in its descent, disengages it from the rocks; and some of the pieces being intangled among the threads of the swab, are brought up with it above water. The sponge is got by means of a cross-stick, fitted with hooks, which being lowered down, fastens upon it,

and tears it from the rocks. In some parts of the Adriatic and Archipelago, these substances are gathered by divers, who can remain five minutes below water. But I will not detain you one minute longer; though I must observe, that there is plenty of fine samphire growing along all these rocks, neglected and unknown.—Adieu.

. . . . . .

It is not many years since the Nissards learned the culture of silk-worms, of their neighbours the Piedmontese; and hitherto the progress they have made is not very considerable: the whole country of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thousand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry-leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the silk-worm are hatched. The grains are washed in wine, and those that swim on the top are thrown away as good for nothing. The rest, being deposited in small bags of linen, are worn by women in their bosoms, until the worms begin to appear: then they are placed in shallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper, cut into little holes, through which the worms ascend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry-leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. These boxes are kept for warmth between two mattrasses, and visited every day. Fresh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed successively to the other place prepared for their reception. This is an habitation,

consisting of two or three stories, about twenty inches from each other, raised upon four wooden posts. The floors are made of canes, and strewed with fresh mulberry-leaves: the corner posts, and other occasional props, for sustaining the different floors, are covered with a coat of loose heath, which is twisted round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may see them in all the different stages of moulting or casting the slough, a change which they undergo three times successively before they begin to work. The silk-worm is an animal of such acute and delicate sensations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refresh it from time to time with pure air. I have seen them languish and die in scores, in consequence of an accidental bad smell. The soiled leaves, and the filth which they necessarily produce, should be carefully shifted every day; and it would not be amiss to purify the air sometimes with fumes of vinegar, rose, or orange-flower water. These niceties, however, are but little observed. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as shrimps in a plate, some feeding on the leaves, some new hatched, some intranced in the agonies of casting their skin, some languishing, and some actually dead, with a litter of half-eaten faded leaves about them, in a close room, crowded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanliness. I am assured by some persons of credit, that if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamenia, they

infallibly expire. This, however, must be understood of those females whose skins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is generally heightened at such periods. The mulberry-leaves used in this country are of the tree which bears a small white fruit not larger than a damascene. They are planted on purpose, and the leaves are sold at so much a pound. By the middle of June all the mulberry-trees are stripped; but new leaves succeed, and in a few weeks, they are cloathed again with fresh verdure. In about ten days after the last moulting, the silk-worm climbs upon the props of his house, and choosing a situation among the heath, begins to spin in a most curious manner, until he is quite inclosed, and the cocon or pod of silk, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains suspended by several filaments. It is not unusual to see double cocons, spun by two worms included under a common cover. There must be an infinite number of worms to yield any considerable quantity of silk. One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocons, if they are rich, give three pounds of raw silk; that is, twelve pounds of silk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are inclosed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocons. In preserving the cocons for breed, you must choose an equal number of males and females; and these are very easily distinguished by the shape of the cocons; that which

contains the male is sharp, and the other obtuse, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finished, the worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unwieldy, aukward butterfly, and as the different sexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preserved; but neither she nor her mate takes any nourishment, and in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The silk of these cocons cannot be wound, because the animals in piercing through them have destroyed the continuity of the filaments. It is therefore first boiled, and then picked and carded like wool, and being afterwards spun, is used in the coarser stuffs of the silk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield the best silk, are managed in a different manner. Before the inclosed worm has time to penetrate, the silk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown away into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but dissolves the glutinous substance by which the fine filaments of the silk cohere or stick together, so that they are easily wound off, without breaking. Six or seven of these small filaments being joined together are passed over a kind of twisting iron, and fixed to the wheel, which one girl turns, while another, with her hands in the boiling water, disentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and supplies fresh cocons with

admirable dexterity and dispatch. There is a manufacture of this kind just without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of these wheels are worked together, and give employment for some weeks to double the number of young women. Those who manage the pods that float in the boiling water must be very alert, otherwise they will scald their fingers. The smell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offensive. Hard by the harbour, there is a very curious mill for twisting the silk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice, a well-regulated hospital for poor orphans of both sexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dressing, dyeing, spinning, and weaving the silk. In the villages of Provence, you see the poor women in the streets spinning raw silk upon distaves: but here the same instrument is only used for spinning hemp and flax; which last, however, is not of the growth of Nice.—But lest I should spin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewell.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

OCTOBER 17

RELIGIO MEDICI

NOW for that other Virtue of Charity, without which Faith is a meer notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and proscribed Laws of Charity. And if I hold the true Anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather Idiosyncrasie, in dyet, humour, air, any thing. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amont them, make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander: at the sight of a Toad or a Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: those National repugnances do not touch me, nor

do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my Country-men's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth Climate[1] but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England every where, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing; my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of Reason, Virtue, and Religion, the Multitude: that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of GOD; but, confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no breach of Charity to call these *Fools;* it is the style all holy Writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in Canonical Scripture, and a point of our Faith to believe so. Neither in the name of the *Multitude* do I onely include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebe-

[1]Region of the earth's surface, used like our degrees of latitude.

ian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same Level with Mechanicks, though their fortunes do somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as, in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them; so neither are a troup of these ignorant *Doradoes*[1] of that true esteem and value, as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak like Politicians:[2] there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his Desert, and preheminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times and the byas of present practice wheel another way, thus it was in the first and primitive Commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-order'd Polities, till corruption getteth ground; ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations contemn, every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a licence or faculty to do or purchase any thing.

II. This general and indifferent temper of mine doth more neerly dispose me to this noble virtue. It is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and forced graffs of education: yet if we are directed only by our

[1]Spanish, the name of a fish: here = fools.

[2]Statesmen.

particular Natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but Moralists; Divinity will still call us Heathens. Therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. I give no alms only to satisfie the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the Will and Command of my God: I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His That enjoyned it: I relieve no man upon the Rhetorick of his miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating disposition; for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not this, so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion we make others misery our own, and so, by relieving them, we relieve our selves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other Mens misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politick kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions. And truly I have observed that those professed Eleemosynaries, though in a croud or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons: there is surely a Physiognomy, which those experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of Mercy. For there are mystically in our faces

certain Characters which carry in them the motto of our Souls, wherein he that cannot read A. B. C. may read our natures. I hold, moreover, that there is a Phytognomy, or Physiognomy, not only of Men, but of Plants and Vegetables; and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as signs or bushes[1] of their inward forms. The Finger of GOD hath left an Inscription upon all His works, not graphical or composed of Letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which, aptly joyned together, do make one word that doth express their natures. By these Letters GOD calls the Stars by their names; and by this Alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are, besides these Characters in our Faces, certain mystical figures in our Hands, which I dare not call meer dashes, strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a Pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of nor discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular Book of *Physiognomy*, hath made no mention of Chiromancy; yet I believe the Egyptians, who were neerer addicted to those abstruse and mystical sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians[2] did after pretend, and perhaps retained

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[1]Bushes were hung out as signs before tavern doors.
[2]Gipsies.

a few corrupted principles, which sometimes might verefie their prognosticks.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike: now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any. He that shall consider how many thousand several words have been carelessly and without study composed out of twenty-four Letters; withal, how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the Fabrick of one Man, shall easily find that this variety is necessary; and it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portract like another. Let a Painter carelesly limb out a million of Faces, and you shall find them all different; yea, let him have his Copy before him, yet after all his art there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the perfectest in that kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto the copy. Nor doth the similitude of Creatures disparage the variety of Nature, nor any way confound the Works of GOD. For even in things alike there is diversity; and those that do seem to accord do manifestly disagree. And thus is man like GOD; for in the same things that we resemble Him, we are utterly different from Him. There was never anything so like another as in all points to concur: there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the identity; without which, two several things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

III. But to return from Philosophy to Charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give Alms is onely to be Charitable, or think a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Total of Charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. There are infirmities not onely of Body, but of Soul, and Fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, than apparel the nakedness of his Soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our Liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the Sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary Avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge: I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning: I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge,

or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his: and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And in this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled; they do so swell with unnecessary digressions, and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all: there remain not many controversies worth a passion; and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity, but inferior arts. What a *βατραχομυομαχία*[1] and hot skirmish is betwixt S and T in Lucian?[2] How do grammarians hack and slash for the geni-

[1]Battle of Frogs and Mice.

[2]Lucian represents Sigma as complaining that Tau has usurped his place in many words.

tive case in Jupiter! How they do break their own pates to salve that of Priscian! *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.*[1] Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have been given, and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius his razor; their pens carry farther, and give a louder report than thunder: I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisco, than in the fury of a merciless pen. It is not mere zeal to learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser princes patron the arts, and carry an indulgent aspect unto scholars; but a desire to have their names eternised by the memory of their writings, and a fear of the revengeful pen of succeeding ages; for these are the men that, when they have played their parts and had their *exits*, must step out and give the moral of their scenes, and deliver unto posterity an inventory of their virtues and vices. And surely there goes a great deal of conscience to the compiling of an history: there is no reproach to the scandal of a story; it is such an authentic kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all nations and posterity.

IV. There is another offence unto charity, which no author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries, and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious epithets we mis-

[1] If Democritus were on earth, he would laugh at them.

call each other, and by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all. St. Paul, that calls the Cretans liars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way, as Nero's was in another; for by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assasine the honour of a nation. It is as complete a piece of madness to miscall and rave against the times, or think to recall men to reason by a fit of passion. Democritus, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as deeply hypochondriac as Heraclitus that bewailed them. It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madness; as well understanding that wisdom is not profaned unto the world, and 'tis the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavour to abolish vice, destroy also virtue; for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet the life of one another. Thus virtue (abolish vice) is an idea. Again, the community of sin doth not disparage goodness; for when vice gains upon the major part, virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent; and being lost in some, multiplies its goodness in others which remain untouched, and persists entire in the general inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a satire, content only with an admonition, or instructive reprehension; for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should

be all so far the orators of goodness, as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth. No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud: those that know me but superficially, think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more. God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for He only beholds me and all the world, who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the help of accidents, and the forms of things as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself: for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love. 'Tis the general complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity grows cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the fires and flames of zeal; for it is a virtue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to ourselves? *Charity begins at home*, is the voice of the world; yet is every man his greatest enemy, and

as it were his own executioner. *Non occides*,[1] is the commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any man; for I perceive every man is his own Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his own days. Cain was not therefore the first murderer, but Adam, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practice and example in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of another, which faith could not persuade him in the theory of himself.

V. There is, I think, no man that apprehendeth his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with a true passion the counterfeit griefs of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man a passion whose single nature is already above his patience: this was the greatest affliction of Job; and those oblique expostulations of his friends, a deeper injury than the downright blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast.

[1] Thou shalt not kill.

into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as, if not invisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows, that, by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot intreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and examples of friendship not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be; but I now perceive nothing in them but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which methinks upon some grounds I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend, seems strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, *Charity begins at home*. For mine own part, I could never remember the relations that I held unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three, I do embrace myself. I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections, to love our parents, wives, children, and then our friends; for excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my

friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life; I never yet cast a true affection on a woman; but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions: two natures in one person; three persons in one nature; one soul in two bodies. For though indeed they be really divided, yet they are so united as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

OCTOBER 18

THE SONG OF TRIUMPHANT LOVE

THIS is what I read in an old Italian manuscript:

About the middle of the sixteenth century, there were living in Ferrara (it was at that time flourishing under the scepter of its magnificent archdukes, the patrons of art and poetry) two young men named Fabio and Muzzio. They were of the same age, and of near kinship, and were scarcely ever apart; the warmest affections had united them from early childhood; the similarity of their positions strengthened the bond. Both belonged to old families; both were rich, independent, and without family ties; tastes and inclinations were alike in both. Muzzio was devoted to music; Fabio to painting. They were looked upon with pride by the whole of Ferrara, as ornaments of the court, society, and city. In appearance, however, they were not alike, though both were distinguished by a graceful, youthful beauty. Fabio was taller, fair of face, and flaxen of hair, and he had blue eyes. Muzzio, on the other hand, had a swarthy face and black hair, and in his dark-brown eyes there was not the merry light, nor on his lips the genial smile of Fabio; his thick eyebrows over-

hung narrow eyelids, while Fabio's golden eyebrows formed delicate half-circles on his pure, smooth brow. In conversation, too, Muzzio was less animated. For all that, the two friends were alike looked upon with favor by ladies, as well they might be, being models of chivalrous courtliness and generosity.

At the same time there was living in Ferrara a girl named Valeria. She was considered one of the greatest beauties in the town, though it was very seldom possible to see her, as she led a retired life, and never went out except to church, and on great holidays for a walk. She lived with her mother, a widow of noble family though of small fortune, who had no other children. In every one whom Valeria met she inspired a sensation of involuntary admiration, and an equally involuntary tenderness and respect, so modest was her mien, so little, it seemed, was she aware of all the power of her own charms. Some, it is true, found her a little pale; her eyes, almost always cast down, expressed a certain shyness, even timidity; her lips rarely smiled, and then only faintly; her voice scarcely any one had heard. But the rumor went that it was most beautiful, and that, shut up in her own room, in the early morning when everything still slumbered in the town, she loved to sing old songs to the sound of the lute, on which she herself used to play. In spite of her pallor, Valeria was blooming with health; and even old people, as they gazed on her, could not but think, "Oh, how happy the youth

for whom that pure maiden bud, still enfolded in its petals, will one day open into full flower!"

Fabio and Muzzio saw Valeria for the first time at a magnificent public festival, celebrated at the command of the Archduke of Ferrara, Ercol, son of the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia, in honor of some illustrious grandees who had come from Paris on the invitation of the Archduchess, daughter of the French king, Louis XII. Valeria was sitting beside her mother on an elegant tribune, built after a design of Palladio, in the principal square of Ferrara, for the most honorable ladies in the town. Both Fabio and Muzzio fell passionately in love with her on that day; and as they never had any secrets from each other, each of them soon knew what was passing in his friend's heart. They agreed together that both should try to get to know Valeria; and if she should deign to choose one of them, the other should submit without a murmur to her decision. A few weeks later, thanks to the excellent repute they deservedly enjoyed, they succeeded in penetrating into the widow's house; difficult though it was to obtain an entry into it, she permitted them to visit her.

From that time forward, they were able to see Valeria almost every day, and to converse with her; and every day the passion kindled in the hearts of both young men grew stronger and stronger. Valeria, however, showed no preference for either of them, though their society was obviously agreeable to her. With Muzzio, she occupied herself with music; but she talked more

with Fabio, and with him she was less timid. At last they resolved once for all to learn their fate, and sent a letter to Valeria, in which they begged her to be open with them, and to say to which she would be ready to give her hand. Valeria showed this letter to her mother, and declared that she was willing to remain unmarried, but, if her mother considered it time for her to enter upon matrimony, then she would marry whichever her mother's choice should fix upon. The excellent widow shed a few tears at the thought of parting from her beloved child; there was, however, no good ground for refusing the suitors, as she considered either of them equally worthy of her daughter's hand. But as she secretly preferred Fabio, and suspected that Valeria liked him the better, she fixed upon him. The next day Fabio heard of his happy fate, while all that was left for Muzzio was to keep his word, and submit.

And this he did; but to be the witness of the triumph of his friend and rival was more than he could bear. He promptly sold the greater part of his property, and, collecting some thousands of ducats, he set off on a far journey to the East. As he said farewell to Fabio, he told him that he should not return till he felt that the last traces of passion had vanished from his heart. It was painful to Fabio to part from the friend of his childhood and youth; but the joyous anticipation of approaching bliss soon swallowed up all other sensations, and he gave himself up wholly to the transports of successful love.

Shortly after, he celebrated his nuptials with Valeria, and only then learned the full worth of the treasure it had been his fortune to obtain. He had a charming villa, shut in by a shady garden, a short distance from Ferrara; he moved thither with his wife and her mother. Then a time of happiness began for them. Married life brought out in a new and enchanting light all the perfections of Valeria. Fabio became an artist of distinction—no longer an amateur, but a real master. Valeria's mother rejoiced, and thanked God as she looked upon the happy pair. Four years flew by unperceived, like a happy dream. One thing only was wanting to the young couple, one lack they mourned over as a sorrow: they had no children. But they had not given up all hope of them. At the end of the fourth year, they were overtaken by a great, this time a real sorrow: Valeria's mother died after an illness of a few days.

Many tears were shed by Valeria; for a long time she could not accustom herself to the loss. But another year went by; life again asserted its rights, and flowed along its former channels. And behold! one fine summer evening, unexpectedly to every one, Muzzio returned to Ferrara.

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During the whole space of five years that had elapsed since his departure, no one had heard anything of him; all talk about him had died away, as if he had vanished from the face of the earth. When Fabio met his friend in one of the streets of

Ferrara, he almost cried out aloud, first in alarm and then in delight, and he at once invited him to his villa. There happened to be in his garden there a spacious pavilion, apart from the house, and he proposed to his friend that he should establish himself in this pavilion. Muzzio agreed, and moved thither the same day together with his servant, a dumb Malay—dumb, but not deaf, and indeed, to judge by the alertness of his expression, a very intelligent man. His tongue had been cut out. Muzzio brought with him dozens of boxes, filled with treasures of all sorts collected by him in the course of his prolonged travels. Valeria was delighted with Muzzio's return; and he greeted her with cheerful friendliness, but composure. It could be seen in every action that he had kept the promise given to Fabio. During the day, he arranged everything in complete order in his pavilion; aided by his Malay, he unpacked the curiosities he had brought—rugs, silken stuffs, velvet and brocaded garments, weapons, goblets, dishes and bowls decorated with enamel, things made of gold and silver, and inlaid with pearl and turquoise, carved boxes of jasper and ivory, cut bottles, spices, incense, skins of wild beasts and feathers of unknown birds, and a number of other things the very use of which seemed mysterious and incomprehensible.

Among all these precious things there was a rich pearl necklace, bestowed upon Muzzio by the King of Persia for some great and secret service; he asked permission of Valeria to put this neck-

lace with his own hand about her neck; she was struck by its great weight and a sort of strange heat in it—it seemed to burn her skin. In the evening after dinner, as they sat on the terrace of the villa in the shade of the oleanders and laurels, Muzzio began to relate his adventures. He told of distant lands he had seen, of cloud-topped mountains and deserts, rivers, lakes, seas; he told of immense buildings and temples, of trees a thousand years old, of birds and flowers of the colors of the rainbow; he named the cities and the peoples he had visited—their very names seemed like a fairy tale. The whole East was familiar to Muzzio; he had traversed Persia, Arabia, where the horses are nobler and more beautiful than any living creature; he had penetrated into the very heart of India, where the race of men grow like stately trees; he had reached the boundaries of China and Thibet, where the living god, called the Grand Lama, dwells on earth in the guise of a silent man with narrow eyes.

Marvellous were his tales. Both Fabio and Valeria listened to him as if enchanted. Muzzio's features had really changed very little; his face, swarthy from childhood, burned under the rays of a hotter sun, had grown darker still, his eyes seemed more deep-set than before—and that was all; but the expression of his face had become different: concentrated and dignified, it showed no added vivacity when he recounted the dangers he had met by night in forests that resounded with the roar of tigers, or by day on solitary ways

where savage fanatics lay in wait for travelers, to slay them in honor of their iron goddess who demands human sacrifices. And Muzzio's voice had grown deeper and more even; his hand, his whole body, had lost the freedom of gesture peculiar to the Italian race. With the aid of his servant, the obsequiously alert Malay, he showed his hosts a few of the feats he had learned from Indian Brahmans. Thus, for instance, having first hidden himself behind a curtain, he suddenly appeared sitting in the air cross-legged, the tips of his fingers pressed lightly on a bamboo cane placed vertically, which astonished Fabio not a little and positively alarmed Valeria. "Isn't he a sorcerer?" was her thought. When he proceeded, piping on a little flute, to call some tame snakes out of a covered basket, where their dark flat heads with quivering tongues appeared under a parti-colored cloth, Valeria was terrified, and begged Muzzio to put away those loathsome horrors as soon as possible. At supper, from a long, round-necked flagon, Muzzio regaled his friends with wine of Shiraz; it was of extraordinary fragrance and thickness, of a golden color with a shade of green in it, and it shone with a strange brightness as it was poured into the tiny jasper goblets. In taste, it was unlike European wines: it was very sweet and spicy, and, drunk slowly in small draughts, produced a sensation of pleasant drowsiness in all the limbs. Muzzio made both Fabio and Valeria drink a goblet of it, and he drank one himself. Bending over her goblet, he

murmured something, moving his fingers as he did so. Valeria noticed this; but as in all Muzzio's doings, in his whole behavior, there was something strange and out of common, she only thought, "Can he have adopted some new faith in India, or is that the custom there?" Then, after a short silence, she asked him whether he had persevered with music during his travels? Muzzio, in reply, bade the Malay bring his Indian violin. It was like those of to-day, but instead of four strings it had only three; the upper part of it was covered with a bluish snake-skin, and the slender bow of reed was in the form of a half-moon, and on its extreme end glittered a pointed diamond.

Muzzio played first some mournful airs, national songs as he called them, strange and even barbarous to an Italian ear; the sound of the metallic strings was plaintive and feeble. But when Muzzio began the last song, it suddenly gained force, and rang out under the wide sweeps of the bow—flowed out, exquisitely twisting and coiling like the snake that covered the violin-top; and such fire, such triumphant bliss, glowed and burned in this melody that Fabio and Valeria felt wrung to the heart, and tears came into their eyes—while Muzzio, his head bent and pressed close to the violin, his cheeks pale, his eyebrows drawn together into a single straight line, seemed still more concentrated and solemn; and the diamond at the end of the bow flashed sparks of light as if it, too, were kindled by the fire of the divine

song. When Muzzio had finished, still keeping fast the violin between his chin and his shoulder, he dropped the hand that held the bow—"What is that? What is that you have been playing to us?" cried Fabio. Valeria uttered not a word, but her whole being seemed to echo her husband's question. Muzzio laid the violin on the table, and, slightly tossing back his hair, he said with a polite smile, "That—that melody, that song, I heard once in the island of Ceylon. That song is known there among the people as 'The Song of Happy, Triumphant Love.'"

"Play it again," Fabio was murmuring.

"No, it can't be played again," answered Muzzio. "Besides, it is now too late. Signora Valeria ought to be at rest; and it's time for me, too—I am weary." During the whole day Muzzio had treated Valeria with respectful simplicity, as a friend of former days; but as he went out he clasped her hand very tightly, squeezing his fingers on her palm, and looking so intently into her face that, though she did not raise her eyelids, she yet felt the look on her suddenly flaming cheeks. She said nothing to Muzzio, but jerked away her hand, and, when he was gone, she gazed at the door through which he had passed out. She remembered how she had been afraid of him a little even in the old days, and now she was overcome by perplexity. Muzzio went off to his pavilion: the husband and wife retired to their bedroom.

Valeria did not quickly fall asleep; there was a

faint and languid fever in her blood and a slight ringing in her ears—from that strange wine, as she supposed, and perhaps, too, from Muzzio's stories, from his playing the violin. Toward morning she did at last fall asleep, and she had an extraordinary dream.

She dreamed that she was going into a large room with a low ceiling. Such a room she had never seen in her life. All the walls were covered with tiny blue tiles with gold lines on them; slender carved pillars of alabaster supported the marble ceiling; the ceiling itself and the pillars seemed half transparent. A pale, rosy glow penetrated from all sides into the room, throwing a mysterious and uniform light on all the objects in it; brocaded cushions lay on a narrow rug in the very middle of the floor, which was smooth as a mirror. In the corners, almost unseen, were smoking lofty censers of the shape of monstrous beasts; there was no window anywhere; a door hung with a velvet curtain stood dark and silent in a recess in the wall. And suddenly this curtain slowly glided, moved aside—and in came Muzzio. He bowed, opened his arms, laughed. His fierce arms enfolded Valeria's waist; his parched lips burned her all over—she fell backward on the cushions.

Moaning with horror, after long struggles, Valeria awoke. Still not realizing where she was and what was happening to her, she raised herself on her bed and looked around. A tremor ran over her whole body. Fabio was lying beside

her. He was asleep; but his face, in the light of the brilliant full moon looking in at the window, was pale as a corpse's—it was sadder than the face of death. Valeria wakened her husband, and instantly he looked at her.

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"I had—I had—a fearful dream," she whispered, still shuddering all over.

But at that instant came floating powerful sounds from the direction of the pavilion, and both Fabio and Valeria recognized the melody that Muzzio had played to them, calling it the song of blissful, triumphant love. Fabio looked in perplexity at Valeria. She closed her eyes, turned away, and both holding their breath heard the song out to the end. As the last note died away, the moon passed behind a cloud, and it was suddenly dark in the room. Both the young people let their heads sink on the pillows without exchanging a word, and neither of them noticed when the other fell asleep.

The next morning Muzzio came in to breakfast; he seemed happy, and greeted Valeria cheerfully. She answered him in confusion—stole a glance at him, and felt frightened at the sight of that serene happy face, those piercing, inquisitive eyes. Muzzio was beginning again to tell a story, but Fabio interrupted him at the first word.

"You could not sleep, I see, in your new quarters. My wife and I heard you playing last night's song."

"Yes! Did you hear it?" said Muzzio. "I

played it, indeed; but I had been asleep before that, and I had a wonderful dream, too."

Valeria was on the alert. "What sort of a dream?" asked Fabio.

"I dreamed," answered Muzzio, not taking his eyes off Valeria, "that I was entering a spacious apartment with a ceiling decorated in oriental fashion. Carved columns supported the roof, the walls were covered with tiles, and, though there were neither windows nor skylights, the whole room was filled with a rosy light, just as if it were built of transparent stone. In the corners, Chinese censers were smoking, on the floor lay brocaded cushions along a narrow rug. I went in through a door covered with a curtain, and at another door, just opposite, appeared a woman whom I once loved. And so beautiful she seemed to me that I was all aflame with my old love——"

Muzzio broke off significantly. Valeria sat motionless, and only gradually she turned white —and then she drew breath more slowly.

"Then," continued Muzzio, "I awoke, and played that song."

"But who was the woman?" asked Fabio.

"Who was she? The wife of an Indian. I met her in the town of Delhi. She is not alive now. She died."

"And her husband?" asked Fabio, not knowing why he asked the question.

"Her husband, too, they say, is dead. I soon lost sight of them both."

"Strange!" observed Fabio. "My wife, too,

had an extraordinary dream last night"—Muzzio gazed intently at Valeria—"which she did not tell me," added Fabio.

But at this point Valeria got up, and went out of the room. Immediately after breakfast, Muzzio, too, went away, explaining that he had to be in Ferrara on business, and that he would not be back before evening.

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A few weeks before Muzzio's return, Fabio had begun a portrait of his wife, depicting her with the attributes of Saint Cecilia. He had made considerable advance in his art; the renowned Luini, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, used to come to him at Ferrara, and, while aiding him with his own counsels, would also pass on the precepts of the great master. The portrait was almost completely finished; all that was left was to add a few strokes to the face, and Fabio might well be proud of his creation. After seeing Muzzio off on his way to Ferrara, he turned into his studio, where Valeria was usually waiting for him; but he did not find her there; he called her, but she did not respond. Fabio was overcome by a secret uneasiness, and began looking for her. She was nowhere in the house; Fabio ran into the garden, and there, in one of the more secluded walks, he caught sight of Valeria. She was sitting on a seat, her head drooping upon her bosom, and her hands folded on her knees; while behind her, peeping out of the dark green of a cypress, a marble satyr, with a distorted, malignant grin on his face, was putting

his pouting lips to a Pan's pipe. Valeria was visibly relieved at her husband's appearance, and to his agitated questions she replied that she had a slight headache, but that it was of no consequence, and she was ready to come to him. Fabio led her to the studio, posed her, and took up his brush; but, to his great vexation, he could not finish the face as he would have liked to. And not because Valeria merely looked somewhat pale and exhausted—no; but the pure, saintly expression in her face, which he liked so well, and which had given him the idea of painting her as Saint Cecilia, he could not find in it that day. He flung down the brush at last, told his wife that he was not in the mood for work, and that he would not prevent her from lying down, as she did not look at all well, and put the canvas with its face to the wall. Valeria agreed with him that she ought to rest, and, repeating her complaints of a headache, withdrew into her bedroom.

Fabio remained in the studio. He felt a strange, confused sensation incomprehensible to himself. Muzzio's stay under his roof, to which he, Fabio, had himself urgently invited him, had become irksome to him. And not that he was jealous—could any one have been jealous of Valeria?—but he did not recognize his former comrade in his friend. All that was strange, unknown, and new which Muzzio had brought with him from those distant lands—and which seemed to have entered into his very flesh and blood—all these magical feats, songs, strange drinks, this

dumb Malay, even the spicy fragrance diffused by Muzzio's garments, hair, breath—all this inspired in Fabio a sensation akin to distrust, possibly even to timidity. And why did that Malay, while waiting at the table, stare with such disagreeable intentness at him, Fabio? Really, one might suppose that he understood Italian. Muzzio had said of him that, in losing his tongue, this Malay had made a great sacrifice, and in return he was now possessed of great power. What sort of power? And how could he have obtained it at the cost of his tongue? All this was very strange, very incomprehensible!

Fabio went into his wife's room; she was lying on the bed, dressed, but was not asleep. Hearing his steps, she started, then again seemed delighted to see him, just as in the garden. Fabio sat down beside the bed, took Valeria by the hand, and, after a short silence, asked her what was the extraordinary dream that had frightened her so the previous night? And was it of the same sort at all as the dream that Muzzio had described? Valeria crimsoned, and said hurriedly, "Oh, no, no! I saw—a sort of monster that was trying to tear me to pieces." "A monster in the shape of a man?" asked Fabio. "No, a beast, a beast!" Valeria turned away, and hid her burning face in the pillows. Fabio held his wife's hand some time longer; then silently he raised it to his lips and withdrew.

Both the young people passed the day with heavy hearts. Something seemed hanging over

their heads, but what it was they could not tell. They wanted to be together, as if some danger threatened them; but what to say to one another they did not know. Fabio made an effort to take up the portrait, and to read Ariosto, whose poem had appeared not long before in Ferrara, and was now making much noise all over Italy; but nothing was of any use. Late in the evening, just at supper-time, Muzzio returned.

He seemed composed and cheerful, but he told them little; he devoted himself rather to questioning Fabio about their common acquaintances, about the German war, and the Emperor Charles; he spoke of his own desire to visit Rome, to see the new Pope. He again offered Valeria some Shiraz wine, and, on her refusal, observed as if to himself, "No, it's not needed, to be sure." Going back with his wife to his room, Fabio soon fell asleep; and, waking up an hour later, felt a conviction that no one was sharing his bed; Valeria was not beside him. He got up quickly, and at the same moment saw his wife in her night attire coming out of the garden into the room. The moon was shining brightly, though not long before a light rain had been falling. With eyes closed, with a look of mysterious horror on her immovable face, Valeria approached the bed, and, feeling for it with her hands stretched out before her, lay down hurriedly and in silence. Fabio turned to her with a question, but she made no reply; she seemed to be asleep. He touched her, and felt on her dress and on her hair drops of rain, and, on the soles of

her bare feet, little grains of sand. Then he leaped up, and ran into the garden through the half-open door. The crude brilliance of the moon wrapped every object in light. Fabio looked about him, and perceived on the sand of the path prints of two pairs of feet—one pair was bare; and these prints led to a bower of jasmine, on one side, between the pavilion and the house. He stood still in perplexity, when, suddenly, once more he heard the strains of the song he had listened to the night before. Fabio shuddered, ran into the pavilion—Muzzio was standing in the middle of the room, playing on the violin. Fabio rushed up to him.

"You have been in the garden; your clothes are wet with rain!"

"No—I don't know—I think I have not been out——" Muzzio answered slowly, seemingly amazed at Fabio's entrance and excitement.

Fabio seized him by the hand. "And why are you playing that melody again? Have you had a dream again?"

Muzzio glanced at Fabio with the same look of amazement, and said nothing.

"Answer me!"

"The moon stood high like a round shield—
Like a snake, the river shines—
The friend's awake, the foe's asleep—
The bird is in the falcon's clutches—Help!"

muttered Muzzio, humming to himself as if in delirium.

Fabio stepped back a couple of paces, stared at Muzzio, pondered a moment, and went back to the house, to his bedroom.

Valeria, her head sunk on her shoulder, and her hands hanging lifelessly, was in a heavy sleep. He could not quickly awaken her, but the moment she saw him she flung herself on his neck, and embraced him convulsively; she was trembling all over. "What is the matter, my precious, what is it?" Fabio kept repeating, trying to soothe her. But she still lay lifeless on his breast. "Oh, what fearful dreams I have!" she whispered, hiding her face against him. Fabio would have questioned her, but she only shuddered. The window-panes were flushed with the light of dawn, when at last she fell asleep in his arms.

The next day Muzzio disappeared at early morning, while Valeria informed her husband that she intended to go away to a neighboring monastery, where lived her spiritual father, an old and austere monk, in whom she placed unbounded confidence. To Fabio's inquiries, she replied that she wanted by confession to relieve her soul, which was weighed down by the exceptional impressions of the last few days. As he looked upon Valeria's sunken face and listened to her faint voice, Fabio approved of her plan; the worthy Father Lorenzo might give her valuable advice, and might disperse her doubts. Under the escort of four attendants, Valeria set out for the monastery, while Fabio remained at home, and wandered about the garden until his wife's

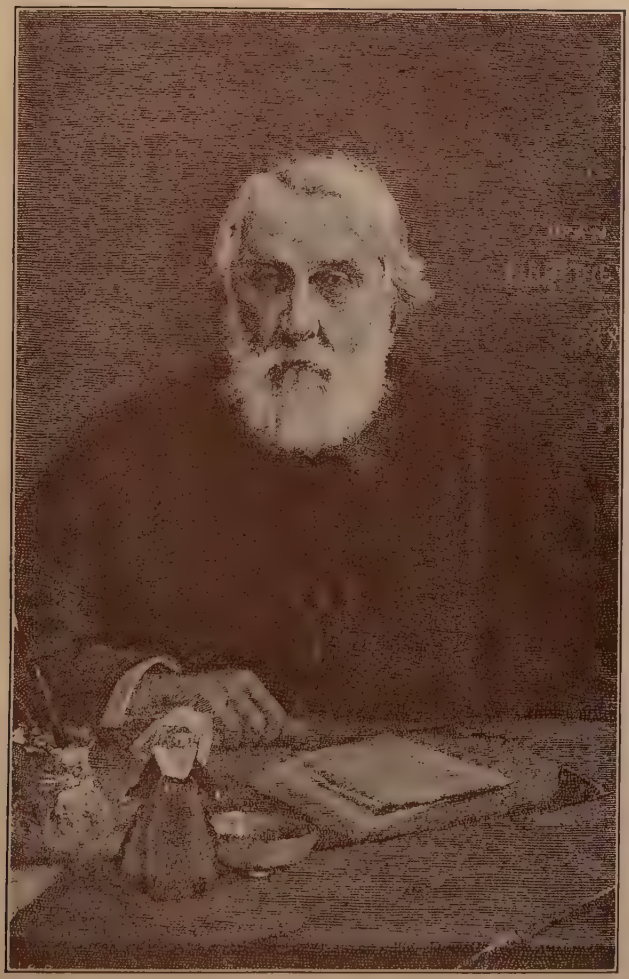
return, trying to comprehend what had happened to her, a victim to constant fear and wrath, and to the pain of undefined suspicion. More than once he went up to the pavilion; but Muzzio had not returned, and the Malay gazed at Fabio like a statue, obsequiously bowing his head, with a well-dissembled—so at least it seemed to Fabio—smile on his bronzed face. Meanwhile Valeria had, in confession, told everything to her priest, not so much with shame as with horror. The priest heard her attentively, gave her his blessing, absolved her from her involuntary sin, but to himself he thought: "Sorcery—the arts of the devil —the matter can't be left so"; and he returned with Valeria to her villa, as if with the aim of completely pacifying and reassuring her. At the sight of the priest, Fabio was thrown into some agitation; but the experienced old man had thought out beforehand how he must treat him.

When he was left alone with Fabio he did not, of course, betray the secrets of the confessional, but he advised him, if possible, to get rid of the guest they had invited to their house, since by his stories, his songs, and his whole behavior, he was troubling the imagination of Valeria. Moreover, in the old man's opinion, Muzzio had not, he remembered, been very firm in the faith in former days, and, having spent so long a time in lands unenlightened by the truths of Christianity, he might well have brought thence the contagion of false doctrine, indeed, might even have become conversant with secret magic arts; and therefore,

though long friendship had indeed its claim, still a wise prudence pointed to the necessity of separation. Fabio fully agreed with the excellent monk. Valeria was even joyful when her husband communicated to her the priest's counsel; and, sent on his way with the cordial good-will of both the young people, loaded with rich gifts for the monastery and the poor, Father Lorenzo returned home.

Fabio intended to have an explanation with Muzzio immediately after supper; but his strange guest did not return to supper. Then Fabio decided to defer his conversation with Muzzio until the following day; and both the young people retired to rest.

Valeria soon fell asleep; but Fabio could not sleep. In the stillness of the night, everything he had seen, everything he had felt, presented itself more vividly; he put to himself still more insistently questions to which, as before, he could find no answer. Had Muzzio really become a sorcerer, and had he already poisoned Valeria? She was ill —but what was her disease? While he lay, his head in his hand, holding his feverish breath, and given up to painful reflection, the moon rose again upon a cloudless sky; and, together with the beams through the half-transparent window-panes, there began, from the direction of the pavilion—or was it Fabio's fancy?—to come a breath, like a light, fragrant current—then an urgent, passionate whisper was heard—and at that instant he observed that Valeria was beginning faintly to stir. He started, looked; she rose up,



IVAN TURGENEV

slid first one foot, then the other, out of the bed, and like one bewitched of the moon, her sightless eyes fixed lifelessly before her, her hands stretched out, she began moving toward the garden! Fabio instantly ran out of the other door of the room, and, running quickly around the corner of the house, bolted the door that led into the garden. He had scarcely time to grasp at the bolt, when he felt someone trying to open the door from the inside, pressing against it again and again, and then there was the sound of piteous, passionate moans.

"But Muzzio has not come back from the town!" flashed through Fabio's head, and he rushed into the pavilion.

What did he see?

Coming toward him, along the path dazzlingly lighted by the moon's rays, was Muzzio—he, too, moving like one moonstruck, his hands held out before him, his eyes open but unseeing. Fabio ran up to him, but he, not heeding him, moved on, treading evenly, step by step, and his rigid face smiled in the moonlight like the Malay's. Fabio would have called him by his name—but at that instant he heard behind him in the house the creaking of a window. He looked around.

Yes, the window of the bedroom was open from top to bottom, and putting one foot over the sill, Valeria stood in the window—her hands seemed to be seeking Muzzio—she seemed striving all over toward him.

With a sudden inrush, unutterable fury filled Fabio's breast. "Accursed sorcerer!" he shrieked furiously, and seizing Muzzio by the throat with one hand, with the other he felt for the dagger in his girdle, and plunged the blade into his side up to the hilt.

Muzzio uttered a shrill scream, and clapping his hand to the wound ran back to the pavilion. But at the very same instant when Fabio stabbed him, Valeria screamed just as shrilly, and fell to the earth like grass before the scythe.

Fabio flew to her, raised her up, carried her to the bed, and began to speak to her. She lay a long time motionless, but at last she opened her eyes, heaved a deep, broken, blissful sigh, like one just rescued from imminent death, saw her husband, and twining her arms about his neck, crept close to him. "You, you, it is you!" she faltered. Gradually her hands loosened their hold, her head sank back, and murmuring with a blissful smile, "Thank God, it is all over—but how weary I am!" she fell into a sound but not heavy sleep.

Fabio sank down beside her bed, and never taking his eyes from off her pale and sunken but already calmer face, began reflecting on what had happened, and also how he ought to act now. What steps was he to take? If he had killed Muzzio—and, remembering how deeply the dagger had gone in, he could have no doubt of it—it could not be hidden. He would have to bring it to the knowledge of the archduke, of the judges—but how explain, how describe, such an incom-

prehensible affair? He, Fabio, had killed in his own house his own kinsman, his dearest friend! They will inquire, what for, on what grounds?—But if Muzzio were not dead? Fabio could not bear to remain longer in uncertainty, and satisfying himself that Valeria was asleep, he cautiously got up from his chair, went out of the house, and made his way to the pavilion. Everything was still in it; only, in one window, a light was visible. With a sinking heart, he opened the outer door (there was still the print of blood-stained fingers on it, and there were black drops of gore on the sand of the path), passed through the first dark room—and stood still on the threshold, overwhelmed with amazement.

In the middle of the room, on a Persian rug, with a brocaded cushion under his head, and all his limbs stretched out straight, lay Muzzio, covered with a wide, red shawl, with a black pattern on it. His face, yellow as wax, with closed eyes and bluish eyelids, was turned toward the ceiling; no breathing could be discerned: he seemed a corpse. At his feet knelt the Malay, also wrapped in a red shawl. He was holding in his left hand the branch of some unknown plant, like a fern, and, bending slightly forward, was gazing fixedly at his master. A small torch, fixed on the floor, burned with a greenish flame, and was the only light in the room. The flame did not flicker or smoke. The Malay did not stir at Fabio's entrance; he merely turned his eyes upon him, and again bent them upon Muzzio. From time to

time he raised and lowered the branch, and waved it in the air, and his dumb lips slowly parted and moved, as if uttering soundless words. On the floor between the Malay and Muzzio lay the dagger with which Fabio had stabbed his friend; the Malay struck one blow with the branch on the blood-stained blade. A minute passed—then another. Fabio approached the Malay, and, stooping down to him, asked in an undertone, "Is he dead?" The Malay bent his head from above downward, and, disentangling his right hand from his shawl, he pointed imperiously to the door. Fabio would have repeated his question, but the gesture of the commanding hand was repeated, and Fabio went out, indignant and wondering, but obedient.

He found Valeria sleeping as before, and with an even more tranquil expression on her face. He did not undress, but seated himself by the window, his head in his hand, and once more sank into thought. The rising sun found him still in the same place. Valeria was not yet awake.

Fabio intended to wait till she awakened, and then to set off to Ferrara, when suddenly someone tapped lightly on the bedroom door. Fabio went out, and saw his old steward Antonio.

"Signor," began the old man, "the Malay has just informed me that Signor Muzzio has been taken ill, and wishes to be moved with all his belongings to the town; and that he begs you to let him have servants to assist in packing his things; and that, at dinner-time, you would send

packhorses and saddle-horses, and a few attendants for the journey. Do you permit it?" "The Malay informed you of this?" asked Fabio. "In what manner? Why, he is dumb." "Here, Signor, is the paper on which he wrote all this in our language, and very correctly, too." "And Muzzio, you say, is ill?" "Yes, he is very ill, and can see no one." "Have they sent for a doctor?" "No; the Malay forbade it." "And was it the Malay who wrote you this?" "Yes, it was he." Fabio did not speak for a moment. "Well, then, arrange it all," he said at last. Antonio withdrew.

Fabio looked after his servant in bewilderment. "Then he is not dead?" he thought—and he did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry. "Ill?" But a few hours ago it was a corpse he had looked upon!

Fabio returned to Valeria. She waked up, and raised her head. The husband and wife exchanged a long look full of significance. "He is gone?" Valeria said suddenly. Fabio shuddered. "How gone? Do you mean——" "Is he gone away?" she continued. A load fell from Fabio's heart. "Not yet, but he is going to-day." "And I shall never, never see him again?" "Never." "And these dreams will not come again?" "No." Valeria heaved a sigh of relief; a blissful smile once more appeared on her lips. She held out both hands to her husband. "And we will never speak of him—never; do you hear, my dear one? And I will not leave my room till he is gone. And do you now send my maids to

me—but stay; take away that thing!" She pointed to the pearl necklace lying on a little bedside table, the necklace given her by Muzzio. "Throw it at once into our deepest well. Embrace me. I am your Valeria; and do not come to me—till he has gone." Fabio took the necklace—the pearls, he fancied, looked tarnished—and did as his wife had directed. Then he fell to wandering about the garden, looking from a distance at the pavilion, about which the bustle of preparation for departure was beginning. Servants were bringing out boxes and loading the horses—but the Malay was not among them. An irresistible impulse drew Fabio to look once more upon what was going on inside of the pavilion. He recollected that there was at the back a secret door, by which he could reach the inner room where Muzzio had been lying in the morning. He stole round to the door, found it unlocked, and, parting the folds of a heavy curtain, turned a faltering glance upon the room within.

Muzzio was not now lying on the rug. Dressed as if for a journey, he sat in an armchair, but seemed a corpse, just as on Fabio's first visit. His torpid head fell back on the chair, and his outstretched hands hung lifeless, yellow, and rigid on his knees. His breast did not heave. Near his chair on the floor, which was strewn with dried herbs, stood some flat bowls of dark liquid, which exhaled a powerful, almost suffocating perfume, like the odor of musk. Around each bowl was coiled a small snake of brazen hue, with

golden eyes that flashed from time to time; while directly facing Muzzio, two paces from him, rose the long figure of the Malay, wrapped in a mantle of many-colored brocade, girt round the waist with a tiger's tail, with a high hat in the shape of a pointed tiara on his head. But he was not motionless; at one moment he bowed down reverently, and seemed to be praying; at the next, he drew himself up to his full height, even rose on tiptoe; then, with a rhythmic action, threw out wide his arms, moved them persistently in the direction of Muzzio, and seemed to threaten or command him, frowning and stamping with his foot. All these actions seemed to cost him great effort, even to cause him pain: he breathed heavily; the sweat poured down his face. All at once he sank down to the ground, and, drawing in a full breath, with knitted brows and immense effort, drew his clenched hands toward him, as if he were holding reins in them—when, to the indescribable horror of Fabio, Muzzio's head slowly left the back of the chair, and moved forward, following the Malay's hands. The Malay let them fall, and Muzzio's head fell back again. The Malay repeated his movements and obediently the head repeated them after him. The dark liquid in the bowls began boiling; the bowls themselves began to resound with a faint, bell-like note, and the brazen snakes coiled freely about each of them. Then the Malay took a step forward, and, raising his eyebrows and opening his eyes immensely wide, he bowed his head to Muzzio—

and the eyelids of the dead man quivered, parted uncertainly, and under them could be seen the eyeballs, dull as lead. The Malay's face was radiant with triumphant pride and delight, a delight almost malignant: he opened his mouth wide, and from the depths of his chest there broke out with effort a prolonged howl; Muzzio's lips parted, too, and a faint moan quivered on them in response to that inhuman sound.

But at this point Fabio could endure it no longer: he conceived he was present at some devilish incantation! He, too, uttered a shriek, and rushed, out, running home, as quick as possible, without looking round, repeating prayers and crossing himself as he ran.

Three hours later, Antonio came to him with the announcement that everything was ready, the things were packed, and Signor Muzzio was preparing to start. Without a word in answer to his servant, Fabio went out onto the terrace wherefrom the pavilion could be seen. The door of the pavilion opened, and, supported by the Malay, who wore once more his ordinary attire, appeared Muzzio! His face was deathlike, and his hands hung like a dead man's, but he walked —yes, positively walked; and, seated on the charger, he sat upright, and felt for and found the reins. The Malay put his feet in the stirrups, leaped up behind him on the saddle, put his arm round him, and the whole party started. The horses walked at a slow pace, and, when they turned about before the house, Fabio fancied that

there gleamed in Muzzio's dark face two spots of white. Could it be he had turned his eyes upon him? Only, the Malay bowed to him as ironically as ever.

Did Valeria see all this? The blinds of her windows were drawn—but it may be she was standing behind them.

At dinner-time she came into the dining room, and was very quiet and affectionate; she still complained, however, of weariness. But there was no agitation about her now, none of her former constant bewilderment and secret dread; and when, the day after Muzzio's departure, Fabio set to work again upon her portrait, he found in her features the pure expression the momentary eclipse of which had so troubled him—and his brush moved lightly and faithfully over the canvas.

The husband and wife took up their old life again. Muzzio vanished from them as if he had never existed. Fabio and Valeria were agreed, as it seemed, not to utter a syllable referring to him, not to learn anything of his later days; his fate remained, however, a mystery for all. Muzzio did actually disappear as if he had sunk into the earth. Fabio one day thought it his duty to tell Valeria exactly what had taken place on that fatal night; but she probably divined his intention, and she held her breath, half-shutting her eyes, as if she were expecting a blow. And Fabio understood her; he did not inflict that blow upon her.

One fine autumn day, while Fabio was putting

the last touches to his picture of his Cecelia, Valeria sat at the organ, her fingers straying at random over the keys. Suddenly, without her knowing it, from under her hands came the first notes of that song of triumphant love which Muzzio had once played; and at the same instant, for the first time since her marriage, she felt within her the throb of a new palpitating life. Valeria started—stopped——

What did it mean? Could it be——?

But here the manuscript ended.

IVAN TURGENEV.

OCTOBER 19

THE PARIS OF SOME AMERICANS

WASHINGTON IRVING knew his Paris well, living there about the time that Victor Hugo, and Honoré de Balzac, and the elder Dumas, and Eugène Sue were producing fiction industriously. In Paris Irving met John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home" and the two worked together, in the Rue Richelieu, adapting French plays to English representation. Although he did not turn it to use in fiction we have occasional glimpses of Paris in the pages of the Irving; glimpses in that vein of pleasant half fiction which seems to have been his favorite method of expression. Above all, he delighted in contrasting English and French as he found them there, in holding the city at arm's length as a background against which to study and satirize amiably British foibles and temperament. Who can forget the choleric Briton of his description, furious at the noise made by an awkward servant, yet instantly appeased by the sly excuse: "It's this confounded French lock, sir." Cooper was in Paris in approximately the same years that Irving was, and, incidentally, then laid the foundations of his French fame, which has endured,

unimpaired, to the present time, possibly for the reason that the French, reading him in translation, have been spared the atrocities of his style. There is no more a Paris of Fenimore Cooper than there is a Paris of Washington Irving.

Edgar Allan Poe, unless the present Pilgrim be grievously in error, never saw Lutetia; never was nearer to it than in his youthful days in the English school at Stoke-Newington; yet there is a very definite Paris that is the background of "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Nor in this is there anything astonishing. In "Rip Van Winkle" Irving builded so well that his claim to the region with which the story deals is likely to last as long as American literature lasts. Yet "Rip Van Winkle" was written in London, at a time when Irving had never been in the Catskill Mountains; never listened to the thunder there which still suggests the gnome-like figures of the ancient Dutch navigators silently playing bowls, and the bibulous Rip sinking to his twenty years' slumber.

As everyone knows, "The Mystery of Marie Roget" was based on the murder, in 1842, of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of the John Anderson shop at the corner of Broadway and Duane Street, New York, whose body was found floating in the Hudson River near what was once known as the Sybil's Cave at Weehawken. It was the *cause célèbre* of the time, and Poe, in common with almost everyone else in New

York—or rather in the country at large, for Poe was not at the time living in New York—had a theory as to the method and the perpetrators of the crime. So in the story, under pretence of a Parisian *grisette,* employed in a perfumery shop in the Palais Royal, the author followed, in minute detail, the essential, while merely paralleling the unessential, facts of the real murder of Mary Rogers. Thus Nassau Street became the Rue Pavée Saint-André; John Anderson, Monsieur Leblanc; the Hudson, the Seine; Weehawken, the Barrière du Roule; and the New York *Brother Jonathan,* the New York *Journal of Commerce,* and the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post,* "a weekly paper," respectively, *L'Étoile, Le Commerciel,* and *Le Soleil.*

There is not, and it may be said with probable safety, any such street in Paris as the Rue Morgue, the scene of the strange and terrible murders of Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter Camille L'Espanaye. But the apartment was in the Quartier Saint-Roch, that familiar section of the city which lies within the triangle of which the hypotenuse is the Avenue de l'Opéra, and the other two sides the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix continued through the Place Vendôme and along the Rue Castiglione. Dr. John Watson first met Sherlock Holmes in a hospital where the latter was engaged in the amiable pastime of beating corpses in order to ascertain how far wounds might be produced after death. The historian of the deeds of Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin, of

all the sources from which Conan Doyle drew his investigator of criminal activities one of the most direct, found him in a library in the Rue Montmartre, where the two men had gone in search of the same rare and remarkable volume. As one encounter resulted in Watson and Holmes sharing the now famous apartment in Upper Baker Street, the other led to a common residence in a time-eaten and grotesque mansion tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

And now for a digression and the introduction of a name that are perhaps equally unpardonable. The Pilgrim first saw Saint-Augustine between two trains. In order to make the most of the three hours at disposal the services of an Ethiopian charioteer—which is euphemism for Florida coon hack driver—were enlisted. "New Carnegie Library, sah," he pointed out and then went expectantly asleep on the box. Now Carnegie Libraries are in every way estimable institutions, but hardly to be regarded as objects of compelling interest in a corner of the new world that still retains something of the flavor of old Spain. Jehu's nap did not last long. The Pilgrim persisted, stormed, pleaded. Was there not a Spanish fort, a slave market, a row of Spanish houses? Again a stop, preliminary to another essay at slumber. "New Y. M. C. A. Building, sah. Just finished last year." That first hour was wasted; the last two were not. They were spent in a wicker chair in the court of the Ponce de Leon

Hotel reading or rather rereading "A Florida Enchantment" by one Archibald Clavering Gunter. It mattered not that the plot was absurd; that the style was abominable. The spirit of Saint-Augustine was in those pages, just as old Edinburgh is in the pages of "The Heart of Midlothian." Now there is offered the opening for some highly discriminating reviewer to point out that the Pilgrim has coupled the two books and inferentially proclaimed Gunter the peer of Sir Walter.

There was a time, when the Pilgrim was a very small boy, when, crossing the Atlantic on the old *Servia* or *Umbria*, or by the old *Bretagne*, *Bourgogne*, or *Normandie*—the particular vessel is of no importance, the point is merely to emphasize the period—one saw, in the vacated deck chairs at the lunch hour, five books bearing the name of Archibald Clavering Gunter to one of all other authors combined. Those were the days of the "big four"; to wit: "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "Miss Nobody of Nowhere," and "That Frenchman," which rightly should have been called "M. de Vernay of Paris." Everyone read those books ("Mr. Barnes of New York" sold into the millions); many realized how bad they were, and a few realized how good they were. Other volumes from not the same pen, but the pen of the same man, followed in profusion, bound in the bright yellow paper cover that had become so familiar. But of those the less said the better. But recalling the "big four"; who is

there inclined to challenge a kindly word in memory of their author, who reached such heights of ephemeral popularity, whose material success was for a brief period so great, and who, ruined by a magazine for the conduct of which he was utterly unsuited, died in poverty, unhonored and unsung?

A few years ago an American novelist whose position in the world of letters has long been enviable from more than one point of view was traveling through the Far Western states. While passing a few days in a small city of Wyoming he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who with Western breeziness was introduced to him as "Mr. So-and-So, the foremost criminal lawyer of the State of Wyoming." Mr. So-and-So had read the novelist's books and was finely enthusiastic in his hospitality. "You are my guest," he said. "You must stay with me a week—a month —a year. Your work? Do it here. I'll tell you plots from real life that beat Dumas. I'll show you types of which Charles Dickens never dreamed. It is the chance of your life. Why, man, I can give you the material to write as great a novel as 'Mr. Potter of Texas.'" That was the way that some persons once felt about the now-despised books of Archibald Clavering Gunter.

It was the flavor of an American abroad that Europeans never quite understood that one found in the early books of Gunter just as one found him in a somewhat different way in the highly polished novels of Henry James. Thirty years ago ours

was almost another United States. The period was one of transition. In Europe all Americans were supposed to be enormously rich, and, to put the matter politely, eccentric. The Far West in its theatric sense—the Far West of Indian outbreaks, of claim jumping, and fortunes made overnight—had just ceased to be a reality. Europeans were almost as puzzling to us as we were to them. Visiting Englishmen in New York were supposed invariably to patronize the Brevoort, just as they did in the novels written in the 'seventies. The term "dude" had recently come into derisive use; Anglomaniacs were being jeered at violently; and people were making the most of the lately coined phrase "the four hundred." Such apparent trivialities as these must be kept in mind by any one who should happen now to take up for the first time "Mr. Barnes of New York," or "Mr. Potter of Texas."

There was a Paris in those books, which, though abounding in topographical errors and anachronisms, was none the less a Paris. Barnes, a seasoned "globe-trotter," was at home there, equally in the Salon, or in the *coulisse* of the old Eden Theater. Potter of Texas made his way there, and, the first night of his stay, almost precipitated a riot in one of the *cafés-chantants* of the Champs-Elysées, thinking himself cheated as the prices of drinks increased every time he changed his seat on account of a growing interest in the houris on the stage. Traveling southward over the rails of the P.-L.-M. one need take no

shame in recalling a similar journey made by Barnes in pursuit of the English girl by whose charms he had been so suddenly smitten, and the devices by which the American starved her into accepting his acquaintance.

Above all, there was the Paris that Gunter pictured in "That Frenchman," the Paris of the Second Empire that was running its butterfly race toward Sedan. The first part of that story revolved about a plot to assassinate the Prince Imperial as a means of averting the impending war between France and Germany. The thread of the intrigue leads along the boulevards; into by-streets; to the Palace of the Tuileries; to the Jardin d'Acclimation and the beautiful flower girl with the dark eyes and the yellow hair; to Passy; to the Mabille; where the comical little detective—a type of character that under some name or other appeared in all the Gunter books of that period—joyously danced the *can-can;* to a *salle* in the Rue Pelletier and the splendid battle between the Masked Wrestler of Paris and the Man with the Iron Legs; and finally to the bearpit in the Bois de Boulogne where the heir to the French throne was to be done to death by means of gas fumes. It has been said that Gunter made some tremendous blunders in the description of streets and buildings. Very likely he did. What does it matter? Scott's "Quentin Durward" is none the less an entertaining novel for the reason that the good Bishop of Liége, so dramatically murdered at the banquet of the Wild Boar of Ar-

dennes, actually met the most peaceful and prosaic of deaths.

It is singular that in the books of F. Marion Crawford, of all American story-tellers perhaps the most thoroughly cosmopolitan, there was very little of Paris or of France. Of a dozen cities he wrote with easy familiarity; for example: New York, in "Katherine Lauderdale," "The Ralstons," "The Three Fates," and "Marion Darche"; Boston, in "An American Politician"; Munich, in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance"; Prague, in "The Witch of Prague"; Constantinople, in "Paul Patoff" and "Arethusa"; London, in "The Diva's Ruby"; Madrid, in "In the Palace of the King"; Venice, in "Marietta"; Rome, in "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," "Pietro Ghisleri," "Don Orsino," "Cecilia," and many more. But if there is any book of his in which the characters linger more than a brief moment in Paris it has entirely escaped the present Pilgrim's memory. The case of Marion Crawford is also the case of William Dean Howells, who, passing Paris by, drew upon the impressions of his years in the American Consular Service in Italy for "Indian Summer," a tale of Florence, and "A Foregone Conclusion," of which the scenes were among the canals and palaces of Venice.

There is Paris in the pages of Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad," if that book is to be regarded in the light of fiction; and Henry James has written much of Paris, notably in "The American" and "The Ambassadors," and there

is the Paris of Edith Wharton's "Madame de Treymes"; and the Paris of Basil King's "The Inner Shrine"; and the Revolutionary Paris about which Weir Mitchell played whimsically in "The Adventures of François"; and as it is quite impossible in this rambling pilgrimage to keep always in the same key, there is the city to which Robert Clay, in Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," referred as "your Paris and my Paris"; and the Paris of the same author's "The Princess Aline," where Mornay Carlton stayed at the Hotel Continental and spent the evening in front of the Café de la Paix, and dined at Laurent's in the Champs-Élysées; and the Paris of Owen Johnson's "In the Name of Liberty"; and the Paris which Robert W. Chambers knew so well in the days when he was studying to be a painter, and used as the background of his first stories, "The Red Republic," "Ashes of Empire," "The Maids of Paradise," "Lorraine," and the short tales of "In the Quarter."

There was an extremely amusing, justly popular, though of course utterly unimportant novel of five or six years ago, which reflected accurately, even though it was frankly designed in a spirit of burlesque, the attitude of many of our fellow-countrymen traveling in Europe in the days before the war. That was Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap," a tale which, in its opening chapters, the best chapters, by the way, was riotous of Paris. The Flood family in general, and "Cousin Egbert" in particular, happened to come

from the Far Western community of Red Gap, where an old family meant one that had settled in Red Gap before the spur was built out to the canning factory. "Cousin Egbert," a victim of feminine domination, was acquiring the rudiments of Louvre art at a certain corner café, under the watchful eye of the mystified Ruggles, when his cultural meditations were disturbed by the unexpected, but not unwelcome, intrusion of one "Jeff" Tuttle. For the actual scenes involved in the ensuing "Odyssey" the reader is referred to the following letter from Mr. Wilson:

That Paris debauch of Ruggles ensued from my observations and notes on the habits of visiting Americans in Paris. Particularly Americans from west of Pittsburgh. I labored like a true scientist in making those observations. The meeting of Cousin Egbert and Jeff Tuttle was before the Café de la Paix, and their comprehending *cocher* took them for luncheon to a "*Rendez-vous des cochers fidèles*" near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. They found their *carrousel* by proceeding out the Boulevard Raspail and past the Lion de Belfort. I myself forget just where it lay in relation to that monument, but not many blocks from it.

It was in the Boulevard Montparnasse that Harry Leon Wilson lived at one time, sharing an apartment there with Julian Street, whose "Paris à la Carte" is a book in which Americans gastronomically inclined will find both instruction and entertainment. The number was 137. There

Mr. Wilson wrote "Ewing's Lady," and in collaboration with Booth Tarkington, the plays "Foreign Exchange" and "Your Humble Servant." A more widely popular result of the collaboration was "The Man from Home," written in five weeks in the autumn of 1906 at a villa called "Colline des Roses" at Champigny, that was temporarily the home of Mr. Tarkington.

There is much of Paris in Booth Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay," "The Beautiful Lady," and "His Own People." It was the pathetic occupation of the impoverished Ansolini of "The Beautiful Lady" to sit from ten in the morning to midday, and from four to seven in the afternoon, at one of the small tables under the awning of the Café de la Paix at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, that is to say the center of the civilized world, exposing his head as a living advertisement of the least amusing ballet in Paris. That story was written in the Rue de Clichy, about a man the author had seen, and whose memory haunted him. The balloon ascension at the Porte Maillot, which Ansolini shared with his incorrigible pupil Poor Jr., was also drawn from a personal experience. For ten nights in succession Mr. Tarkington had made the ascent, dining joyously among the clouds. The eleventh night, through the merest chance, the venture was abandoned. Late that evening the author learned from the newspapers that those who had made the ascent in place of his own party had experienced adventures not outlined in the programme. The ropes which

held the balloon captive had parted, the car had been carried miles away from Paris, and finally the gas bag had exploded. Only the presence of mind and resourcefulness of the aëronaut in charge had saved all from instant destruction. A man to whom Mr. Tarkington had recommended the delights of the trip was waiting his turn to go up and witnessed the show. He visited the author to thank him—pointedly.

"His Own People" was written at Champigny. The story of the crooks in that tale was founded on two groups that Mr. Tarkington knew. From the original of the Hon. Chanler Pedlow the author bought his first motor car, which he describes as "an idle, roaring Fiat." "The Guest of Quesnay" was written in the Rue de Tournon, where, in an apartment at No. 20, Mr. Tarkington lived for three years, and which he recalls as his favorite Paris home. To quote from a letter on the subject:

It was the top number of that wonderful little street. No one could live long enough to get all its story, from the time when the Luxembourg was a Roman camp, Molière played where Foyot's is now. From the Rue de Tournon Daudet went out in his overcoatless dress suit. Renan lived there. Balzac lived there. Just around the corner were the haunts of Aramis and Company. The old streets of the Musketeers are there yet, with most of the names, at least, unchanged since young D'Artagnan found himself in that row over the baldric of Porthos, the handkerchief of Aramis, and the shouider of Athos. François Villon was close

at hand. . . . I dined often at Foyot's and found there a waiter whom I put into "The Guest of Quesnay," transferring him to the "Trois Pigeons," and calling him Amédée. . . . There was the flavor of Victor Cherbuliez in "The Guest of Quesnay." "Samuel Brohl et Cie" was then one of my favorite novels. . . . There was something of a semi-Bohemian life; Americans, and all nationalities of artists. Over the river, in a place near the Gare Saint-Lazare, the Wednesday Club lunched. It was made up mostly of correspondents of American newspapers. . . . Ah! the Rue de Tournon! I still haunt that neighborhood in my thoughts of Paris, but the last time I saw it was in 1911, when I went to that corner and looked up at the stone balcony that used to be mine and wondered who was living there—one moonlight night.

Foyot's. Mr. Tarkington is far from being alone among American novelists in his liking for the *cuisine* and atmosphere of that Latin Quarter tavern, where real senators of France from the near-by Palace of the Luxembourg may be seen contentedly breakfasting over napkins tucked in at the chin. It has figured in pages by Owen Johnson, who is never tired of singing its praises. Dining one day at Foyot's Louis Joseph Vance found the suggestion of "The Lone Wolf", whose adventures were later continued in "The False Faces." Foyot's, the "Troyon's" of the story, has two entrances, one on the Rue Vaugirard and the other on the Rue de Tournon. The Lone Wolf was brought up in the curious atmosphere, and the two entrances and their possibilities are

factors in the working out of the tale. Somewhere not far from Foyot's was "The Street of the Two Friends," of F. Berkeley Smith's story of that name, which sang the praises of the old Latin Quarter, the old joyous quarter where social conventions were as little regarded as the Commandments east of Suez. There was Paris in Cleveland Moffett's "The Mysterious Card" and "Through the Wall"; and in Samuel Merwin's "The Honey Bee," which pictured the city just before the outbreak of the war, and the newly born French enthusiasm for the prize ring; and in the "Zut" of the late Guy Wetmore Carryll. The last name suggests a story illustrating the ineffectuality of fame. The *concierge* of an apartment house in which Mr. Carryll once went to live was much interested in learning the American's *métier*. "Monsieur's name is Guy and Monsieur is a writer. There was another Guy who lived here many years ago who was also a writer. Maybe Monsieur has heard of him. His name was Guy de Maupassant. I don't know what has become of him. Perhaps he is dead."

Then there was the gifted author of "The Pit," "The Octopus," and "The Wolf," who died so young, so rich in promise, and just as he was swinging into the full stride of achievement. At seventeen years of age Frank Norris, intending to be an artist, went to France, and enrolled as a student at the "Atelier Julien" in Paris. There he remained two years and became absorbed, not in art, but in chivalry. The reading of Froissart's

"Chronicles" was his daily recreation. He became so imbued with the spirit of mediævalism that once with much amusement he pointed out an error in Scott's "Ivanhoe" in which one of the characters is described as wearing a certain kind of armor that was not in use until a hundred years later; a mistake that was as obvious to him as if someone to-day should depict Louis XIV in a top hat and frock coat. It was in those Paris days that Frank Norris began to write. His earliest ventures, his brother Charles G. Norris has told us, were more to provide a vehicle for his illustrations than for any interest he had in writing itself. Thus it was that his first novel, "Robert d'Artois," crude and amateurish, was written.

Leaving Frank in Paris to continue his art studies the rest of the Norris family returned to California. Correspondence between the brothers took the form of a novel written by Frank in which all their favorite characters appeared revolving about Charles, who was described as the nephew of the Duke of Burgundy. The story was written in the second person on closely ruled note paper. It came to America in chapters, rolled up inside French newspapers to save postage. Every instalment was profusely illustrated with pencil sketches, mostly of Charles as an esquire, a man-at-arms, an equerry, and finally as a knight. Plots and episodes from the works of Scott, Francis Bacon, Frank Stockton, and others were lifted bodily; sometimes the actual wording

was borrowed. There was one sentence: "The night closed down as dark as a wolf's mouth," that, years later, Charles found again in the opening of a chapter of "Quentin Durward." The story was never concluded, but those Paris days were reflected in the dedication of "The Pit":

In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance cycle of "Gaston le Fox" which we invented, maintained, and found marvellous when we both were boys.

Even in the pages of O. Henry may be found the Paris trail. Even he, for a moment, saw fit to forsake the purlieus of his Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway, the lotos-eating atmosphere of Caribbean-washed shores, mountain paths in the Cumberland, and waving Western prairies, to alllow his fancy to play about valleys of the Eure-et-Loir and winding streets and gabled houses of old Lutetia. There was, once upon a time, in what we like to refer to richly and sonorously as the "red-heeled days of seigneurial France," a poet, David Mignot by name, who left his father's flock in Vernoy to follow the "Roads of Destiny." Of the three forks of the way that he encountered at the beginning of his journey, all of which led to the same grim end by the pistol of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys, only one, the right branch, wound on to the city by the Seine. There David crossed a great bridge, and found shelter high up under the eaves

of an old house in the Rue Conti. That street, and the Rue Esplanade, where the plotters planned to bring about the King's death, and the Rue Christopher, where the premature attack reached the heart of the poor poet dressed in the King's robes, have none the less the flavor of old Paris for being frankly streets of illusion. And also here, in "Roads of Destiny," we have a new O. Henry, an unfamiliar O. Henry, an O. Henry shorn for once of riotous malapropisms and the extravagant *argot* of his native land. "Describe her," commands the King, and David tells of the woman of the Rue Conti whose beauty and guile have sent him unknowingly to his doom: "She is made of sunshine and deep shade. She is slender, like the alders, and moves with their grace. Her eyes change while you gaze in them; now round, and then half shut as the sun peeps between two clouds. When she comes, heaven is all about her; when she leaves, there is chaos and a scent of hawthorn blossoms."

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

OCTOBER 20

SOME EREWHONIAN TRIALS*

IN EREWHON as in other countries there are some courts of justice that deal with special subjects. Misfortune generally, as I have above explained, is considered more or less criminal, but it admits of classification, and a court is assigned to each of the main heads under which it can be supposed to fall. Not very long after I had reached the capital I strolled into the Personal Bereavement Court, and was much both interested and pained by listening to the trial of a man who was accused of having just lost a wife to whom he had been tenderly attached, and who had left him with three little children, of whom the eldest was only three years old.

The defense which the prisoner's counsel endeavored to establish was, that the prisoner had never really loved his wife; but it broke down completely, for the public prosecutor called witness after witness who deposed to the fact that the couple had been devoted to one another, and the prisoner repeatedly wept as incidents were put in evidence that reminded him of the irreparable

*By permission from "Erewhon," by Samuel Butler, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

nature of the loss he had sustained. The jury returned a verdict of guilty after very little deliberation, but recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground that he had but recently insured his wife's life for a considerable sum, and might be deemed lucky inasmuch as he had received the money without demur from the insurance company, though he had only paid two premiums.

I have just said that the jury found the prisoner guilty. When the judge passed sentence, I was struck with the way in which the prisoner's counsel was rebuked for having referred to a work in which the guilt of such misfortunes as the prisoner's was extenuated to a degree that roused the indignation of the court.

"We shall have," said the judge, "these crude and subversionary books from time to time until it is recognized as an axiom of morality that luck is the only fit object of human veneration. How far a man has any right to be more lucky and hence more venerable than his neighbors, is a point that always has been, and always will be, settled proximately by a kind of higgling and haggling of the market, and ultimately by brute force; but however this may be, it stands to reason that no man should be allowed to be unlucky to more than a very moderate extent."

Then, turning to the prisoner, the judge continued:—"You have suffered a great loss. Nature attaches a severe penalty to such offenses, and human law must emphasize the decrees of nature. But for the recommendation of the jury I should

have given you six months hard labor. I will, however, commute your sentence to one of three months, with the option of a fine of twenty-five per cent. of the money you have received from the insurance company."

The prisoner thanked the judge and said that as he had no one to look after his children if he was sent to prison, he would embrace the option mercifully permitted him by his lordship, and pay the sum he had named. He was then removed from the dock.

The next case was that of a youth barely arrived at man's estate, who was charged with having been swindled out of large property during his minority by his guardian, who was also one of his nearest relations. His father had long been dead, and it was for this reason that his offense came on for trial in the Personal Bereavement Court. The lad, who was undefended, pleaded that he was young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of his guardian, and w thout independent professional advice. "Young man," said the judge sternly, "do not talk nonsense. People have no right to be young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of their guardians, and without independent professional advice If by such indiscretions they outrage the moral sense of their friends, they must expect to suffer accordingly." He then ordered the prisoner to apologize to his guardian, and to receive twelve strokes with a cat-of-nine-tails.

But I shall perhaps best convey to the reader

an idea of the entire perversion of thought which exists among this extraordinary people, by describing the public trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption—an offense which was punished with death until quite recently. It did not occur till I had been some months in the country, and I am deviating from chronological order in giving it here; but I had perhaps better do so in order that I may exhaust this subject before proceeding to others. Moreover, I should never come to an end were I to keep to a strictly narrative form, and detail the infinite absurdities with which I daily came in contact.

The prisoner was placed in the dock, and the jury were sworn much as in Europe; almost all our own modes of procedure were reproduced, even to the requiring the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, and the case proceeded. The evidence for the prosecution was very strong; but I must do the court the justice to observe that the trial was absolutely impartial. Counsel for the prisoner was allowed to urge everything that could be said in his defense: the line taken was that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company, from which he was about to buy an annuity, and that he hoped thus to obtain it on more advantageous terms. If this could have been shown to be the case he would have escaped a criminal prosecution, and been sent to a hospital as for a moral ailment. The view, however, was one which could not be reasonably

sustained, in spite of all the ingenuity and eloquence of one of the most celebrated advocates of the country. The case was only too clear, for the prisoner was almost at the point of death, and it was astonishing that he had not been tried, and convicted long previously. His coughing was incessant during the whole trial, and it was all that the two jailors in charge of him could do to keep him on his legs until it was over.

The summing up of the judge was admirable. He dwelt upon every point that could be construed in favor of the prisoner, but as he proceeded it became clear that the evidence was too convincing to admit of doubt, and there was but one opinion in the court as to the impending verdict when the jury retired from the box. They were absent for about ten minutes, and on their return the foreman pronounced the prisoner guilty. There was a faint murmur of applause, but it was instantly repressed. The judge then proceeded to pronounce sentence in words which I can never forget, and which I copied out into a note-book next day from the report that was published in the leading newspaper. I must condense it somewhat, and nothing which I could say would give more than a faint idea of the solemn, not to say majestic, severity with which it was delivered. The sentence was as follows:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been accused of the great crime of laboring under pulmonary consumption, and after an impartial trial before a jury of your countrymen, you have been found

guilty. Against the justice of the verdict I can say nothing: the evidence against you was conclusive, and it only remains for me to pass such a sentence upon you, as shall satisfy the ends of the law. That sentence must be a very severe one. It pains me much to see one who is yet so young, and whose prospects in life were otherwise so excellent, brought to this distressing condition by a constitution which I can only regard as radically vicious; but yours is no case for compassion: this is not your first offense: you have led a career of crime, and have only profited by the leniency shown you upon past occasions, to offend yet more seriously against the laws and institutions of your country. You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year: and I find that though you are now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned on no less than fourteen occasions for illnesses of a more or less hateful character; in fact, it is not too much to say that you have spent the greater part of your life in a jail.

"It is all very well for you to say that you came of unhealthy parents, and had a severe accident in your childhood which permanently undermined your constitution; excuses such as these are the ordinary refuge of the criminal; but they cannot for one moment be listened to by the ear of justice. I am not here to enter upon curious metaphysical questions as to the origin of this or that —questions to which there would be no end were their introduction once tolerated, and which

would result in throwing the only guilt on the tissues of the primordial cell, or on the elementary gases. There is no question of how you came to be wicked, but only this—namely, are you wicked or not? This has been decided in the affirmative, neither can I hesitate for a single moment to say that it has been decided justly. You are a bad and dangerous person, and stand branded in the eyes of your fellow-countrymen with one of the most hideous known offenses.

"It is not my business to justify the law: the law may in some cases have its inevitable hardships, and I may feel regret at times that I have not the option of passing a less severe sentence than I am compelled to do. But yours is no such case; on the contrary, had not the capital punishment for consumption been abolished, I should certainly inflict it now.

"It is intolerable that an example of such terrible enormity should be allowed to go at large unpunished. Your presence in the society of respectable people would lead the less able-bodied to think more lightly of all forms of illness; neither can it be permitted that you should have the chance of corrupting unborn beings who might hereafter pester you. The unborn must not be allowed to come near you: and this not so much for their protection (for they are our natural enemies), as for our own; for since they will not be utterly gainsaid, it must be seen to that they shall be quartered upon those who are least likely to corrupt them.

"But independently of this consideration, and independently of the physical guilt which attaches itself to a crime so great as yours, there is yet another reason why we should be unable to show you mercy, even if we were inclined to do so. I refer to the existence of a class of men who lie hidden among us, and who are called physicians. Were the severity of the law or the current feeling of the country to be relaxed never so slightly, these abandoned persons, who are now compelled to practise secretly and who can be consulted only at the greatest risk, would become frequent visitors in every household; their organization and their intimate acquaintance with all family secrets would give them a power, both social and political, which nothing could resist. The head of the household would become subordinate to the family doctor, who would interfere between man and wife, between master and servant, until the doctors should be the only depositaries of power in the nation, and have all that we hold precious at their mercy. A time of universal dephysicalization would ensue; medicine-vendors of all kinds would abound in our streets and advertise in all our newspapers. There is one remedy for this, and one only. It is that which the laws of this country have long received and acted upon, and consists in the sternest repression of all diseases whatsoever, as soon as their existence is made manifest to the eye of the law. Would that that eye were far more piercing than it is.

"But I will enlarge no further upon things that are themselves so obvious. You may say that it is not your fault. The answer is ready enough at hand, and it amounts to this—that if you had been born of healthy and well-to-do parents, and been well taken care of when you were a child, you would never have offended against the laws of your country, nor found yourself in your present disgraceful position. If you tell me that you had no hand in your parentage and education, and that it is therefore unjust to lay these things to your charge, I answer that whether your being in a consumption is your fault or no, it is a fault in you, and it is my duty to see that against such faults as this the commonwealth shall be protected. You may say that it is your misfortune to be criminal; I answer that it is your crime to be unfortunate.

"Lastly, I should point out that even though the jury had acquitted you—a supposition that I cannot seriously entertain—I should have felt it my duty to inflict a sentence hardly less severe than that which I must pass at present; for the more you had been found guiltless of the crime imputed to you, the more you would have been found guilty of one hardly less heinous—I mean the crime of having been maligned unjustly.

"I do not hesitate therefore to sentence you to imprisonment, with hard labor, for the rest of your miserable existence. During that period I would earnestly entreat you to repent of the wrongs you

have done already, and to entirely reform the constitution of your whole body. I entertain but little hope that you will pay attention to my advice; you are already far too abandoned. Did it rest with myself, I should add nothing in mitigation of the sentence which I have passed, but it is the merciful provision of the law that even the most hardened criminal shall be allowed some one of the three official remedies, which is to be prescribed at the time of his conviction. I shall therefore order that you receive two tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily, until the pleasure of the court be further known."

When the sentence was concluded the prisoner acknowledged in a few scarcely audible words that he was justly punished, and that he had had a fair trial. He was then removed to the prison from which he was never to return. There was a second attempt at applause when the judge had finished speaking, but as before it was at once repressed; and though the feeling of the court was strongly against the prisoner, there was no show of any violence against him, if one may except a little hooting from the bystanders when he was being removed in the prisoners' van. Indeed nothing struck me more during my whole sojourn in the country, than the general respect for law and order.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE VIEWS OF THE EREWHONIANS CONCERNING DEATH*

THE Erewhonians regard death with less abhorrence than disease. If it is an offense at all it is one beyond the reach of the law, which is therefore silent on the subject; but they insist that the greater number of those who are commonly said to die, have never yet been born—not, at least, into that unseen world which is alone worthy of consideration. As regards this unseen world I understand them to say that some miscarry in respect to it before they have even reached the seen, and some after, while few are ever truly born into it at all—the greater part of all the men and women over the whole country miscarrying before they reach it. And they say that this does not matter so much as we think it does.

As for what we call death, they argue that too much has been made of it. The mere knowledge that we shall one day die does not make us very unhappy; no one thinks that he or she will escape, so that none are disappointed. We do not care greatly even though we know that we have not long to live; the only thing that would seriously affect us would be the knowing—or rather thinking that we know—the precise moment at which the blow will fall. Happily no one can ever certainly know this, though many try to make

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themselves miserable by endeavoring to find it out. It seems as though there were some power somewhere which mercifully stays us from putting that sting into the tail of death, which we would put there if we could, and which ensures that though death must always be a bugbear, it shall never under any conceivable circumstances be more than a bugbear.

For even though a man is condemned to die in a week's time and is shut up in a prison from which it is certain that he cannot escape, he will always hope that a reprieve may come before the week is over. Besides, the prison may catch fire, and he may be suffocated not with a rope, but with common ordinary smoke; or he may be struck dead by lightning while exercising in the prison yards. When the morning is come on which the poor wretch is to be hanged, he may choke at his breakfast, or die from failure of the heart's action before the drop has fallen; and even though it has fallen, he cannot be quite certain that he is going to die, for he cannot know this till his death has actually taken place, and it will be too late then for him to discover that he was going to die at the appointed hour after all. The Erewhonians, therefore, hold that death, like life, is an affair of being more frightened than hurt.

They burn their dead, and the ashes are presently scattered over any piece of ground which the deceased may himself have chosen. No one is permitted to refuse this hospitality to the dead: people, therefore, generally choose some garden

or orchard which they may have known and been fond of when they were young. The superstitious hold that those whose ashes are scattered over any land become its jealous guardians from that time forward; and the living like to think that they shall become identified with this or that locality where they have once been happy.

They do not put up monuments, nor write epitaphs, for their dead, though in former ages their practice was much as ours, but they have a custom which comes to much the same thing, for the instinct of preserving the name alive after the death of the body seems to be common to all mankind. They have statues of themselves made while they are still alive (those, that is, who can afford it), and write inscriptions under them, which are often quite as untruthful as are our own epitaphs—only in another way. For they do not hesitate to describe themselves as victims to ill temper, jealousy, covetousness, and the like, but almost always lay claim to personal beauty, whether they have it or not, and, often, to the possession of a large sum in the funded debt of the country. If a person is ugly he does not sit as a model for his own statue, although it bears his name. He gets the handsomest of his friends to sit for him, and one of the ways of paying a compliment to another is to ask him to sit for such a statue. Women generally sit for their own statues, from a natural disinclination to admit the superior beauty of a friend, but they expect to be idealized. I understood that the multitude of these statues

was beginning to be felt as an encumbrance in almost every family, and that the custom would probably before long fall into desuetude.

Indeed, this has already come about to the satisfaction of every one, as regards the statues of public men—not more than three of which can be found in the whole capital. I expressed my surprise at this, and was told that some five hundred years before my visit, the city had been so overrun with these pests, that there was no getting about, and people were worried beyond endurance by having their attention called at every touch and turn to something, which, when they had attended to it, they found not to concern them. Most of these statues were mere attempts to do for some man or woman what an animal-stuffer does more successfully for a dog, or bird, or pike. They were generally foisted on the public by some coterie that was trying to exalt itself in exalting someone else, and not unfrequently they had no other inception than desire on the part of some member of the coterie to find a job for a young sculptor to whom his daughter was engaged. Statues so begotten could never be anything but deformities, and this is the way in which they are sure to be begotten, as soon as the art of making them at all has become widely practised.

I know not why, but all the noblest arts hold in perfection but for a very little moment. They soon reach a height from which they begin to decline, and when they have begun to decline it is a pity that they cannot be knocked on the head;

for an art is like a living organism—better dead than dying. There is no way of making an aged art young again; it must be born anew and grow up from infancy as a new thing, working out its own salvation from effort to effort in all fear and trembling.

The Erewhonians five hundred years ago understood nothing of all this—I doubt whether they even do so now. They wanted to get the nearest thing they could to a stuffed man whose stuffing should not grow moldy. They should have had some such an establishment as our Madame Tussaud's, where the figures wear real clothes, and are painted up to nature. Such an institution might have been made self-supporting, for people might have been made to pay before going in. As it was, they had let their poor cold grimy colorless heroes and heroines loaf about in squares and in corners of streets in all weathers, without any attempt at artistic sanitation—for there was no provision for burying their dead works of art out of their sight—no drainage, so to speak, whereby statues that had been sufficiently assimilated, so as to form part of the residuary impression of the country, might be carried away out of the system. Hence they put them up with a light heart on the cackling of their coteries, and they and their children had to live, often enough, with some wordy windbag whose cowardice had cost the country untold loss in blood and money.

At last the evil reached such a pitch that the people rose, and with indiscriminate fury de-

stroyed good and bad alike. Most of what was destroyed was bad, but some few works were good, and the sculptors of to-day wring their hands over some of the fragments that have been preserved in musuems up and down the country. For a couple of hundred years or so, not a statue was made from one end of the kingdom to the other, but the instinct for having stuffed men and women was so strong, that people at length again began to try to make them. Not knowing how to make them, and having no academies to mislead them, the earliest sculptors of this period thought things out for themselves, and again produced works that were full of interest, so that in three or four generations they reached a perfection hardly if at all inferior to that of several hundred years earlier.

On this the same evils recurred. Sculptors obtained high prices—the art became a trade—schools arose which professed to sell the holy spirit of art for money; pupils flocked from far and near to buy it, in the hopes of selling it later on, and were struck purblind as a punishment for the sin of those who sent them. Before long a second iconoclastic fury would infallibly have followed, but for the prescience of a statesman who succeeded in passing an Act to the effect that no statue of any public man or woman should be allowed to remain unbroken for more than fifty years, unless at the end of that time a jury of twenty-four men taken at random from the street pronounced in favor of its being allowed a second

fifty years of life. Every fifty years this reconsideration was to be repeated, and unless there was a majority of eighteen in favor of the retention of the statue, it was to be destroyed.

Perhaps a simpler plan would have been to forbid the erection of a statue to any public man or woman till he or she had been dead at least one hundred years, and even then to insist on reconsideration of the claims of the deceased and the merit of the statue every fifty years—but the working of the Act brought about results that on the whole were satisfactory. For in the first place, many public statues that would have been voted under the old system, were not ordered, when it was known that they would be almost certainly broken up after fifty years, and in the second, public sculptors knowing their work to be so ephemeral, scamped it to an extent that made it offensive even to the most uncultured eye. Hence before long subscribers took to paying the sculptor for the statue of their dead statesmen, on condition that he did not make it. The tribute of respect was thus paid to the deceased, the public sculptors were not mulcted, and the rest of the public suffered no inconvenience.

I was told, however, that an abuse of this custom is growing up, inasmuch as the competition for the commission not to make a statue is so keen, that sculptors have been known to return a considerable part of the purchase money to the subscribers, by an arrangement made with them beforehand. Such transactions, however, are always

clandestine. A small inscription is let into the pavement, where the public statue would have stood, which informs the reader that such a statue has been ordered for the person, whoever he or she may be, but that as yet the sculptor has not been able to complete it. There has been no Act to repress statues that are intended for private consumption, but as I have said, the custom is falling into desuetude.

Returning to Erewhonian customs in connection with death, there is one which I can hardly pass over. When any one dies, the friends of the family write no letters of condolence, neither do they attend the scattering, nor wear mourning, but they send little boxes filled with artificial tears, and with the name of the sender painted neatly upon the outside of the lid. The tears vary in number from two to fifteen or sixteen, according to degree of intimacy or relationship; and people sometimes find it a nice point of etiquette to know the exact number which they ought to send. Strange as it may appear, this attention is highly valued, and its omission by those from whom it might be expected is keenly felt. These tears were formerly stuck with adhesive plaster to the cheeks of the bereaved, and were worn in public for a few months after the death of a relative; they were then banished to the hat or bonnet, and are now no longer worn.

The birth of a child is looked upon as a painful subject on which it is kinder not to touch: the illness of the mother is carefully concealed until

the necessity for signing the birth-formula (of which hereafter) renders further secrecy impossible, and for some months before the event the family live in retirement, seeing very little company. When the offense is over and done with, it is condoned by the common want of logic; for this merciful provision of nature, this buffer against collisions, this friction which upsets our calculations but without which existence would be intolerable, this crowning glory of human invention whereby we can be blind and see at one and the same moment, this blessed inconsistency, exists here as elsewhere; and though the strictest writers on morality have maintained that it is wicked for a woman to have children at all, inasmuch as it is wrong to be out of health that good may come, yet the necessity of the case has caused a general feeling in favor of passing over such events in silence, and of assuming their nonexistence except in such flagrant cases as force themselves on the public notice. Against these the condemnation of society is inexorable, and if it is believed that the illness has been dangerous and protracted, it is almost impossible for a woman to recover her former position in society.

The above conventions struck me as arbitrary and cruel, but they put a stop to many fancied ailments; for the situation, so far from being considered interesting, is looked upon as savoring more or less distinctly of a very reprehensible condition of things, and the ladies take care to conceal it as long as they can even from their own

husbands, in anticipation of a severe scolding as soon as the misdemeanor is discovered. Also the baby is kept out of sight, except on the day of signing the birth-formula, until it can walk and talk. Should the child unhappily die, a coroner's inquest is inevitable, but in order to avoid disgracing a family which may have been hitherto respected, it is almost invariably found that the child was over seventy-five years old, and died from the decay of nature.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

OCTOBER 21

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born October 21, 1772)

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

DURING the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset, diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any

time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the "Lyrical Ballads"; in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least unromantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote the "Ancient Mariner."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

In Seven Parts

Part I

IT IS an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow

Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!"

Part II

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
Wd had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

Part III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

Part IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me.
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray,
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Part V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

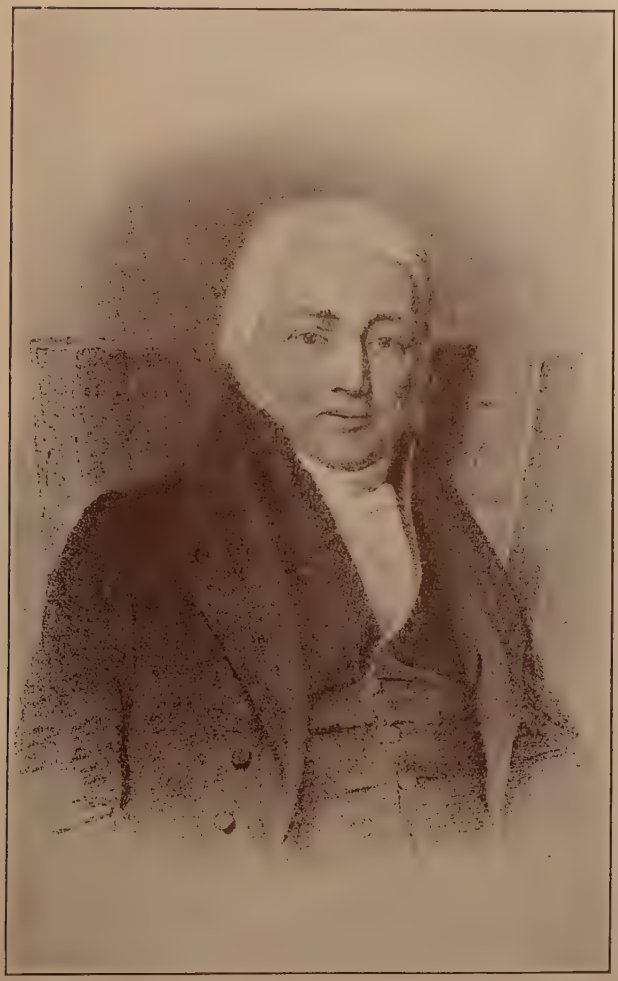
"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,

The Spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

Part VI

FIRST VOICE

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

"'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.'

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

Part VII

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit:
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

OCTOBER 22

(George Eliot, born October 22, 1819)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE ELIOT

[Marian Evans, better known as George Eliot, was born in 1819 and lived to be sixty-one years of age. Her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, has published her life, almost wholly in her own words, as transcribed from her letters and journals. Its chapters have been laid under contribution in the pages which follow.]

No Self-Denial in Genuine Virtue

[In her twenty-third year George Eliot writes to Miss Lewis, at Coventry, a letter in which powers of thought and expression are already unmistakable:]

. . . How do you go on for society, for communion of spirit, the drop of nectar in the cup of mortals? But why do I say the drop? The mind that feels its value will get large draughts from some source, if denied it in the most commonly chosen way.

'Mid the rich store of nature's gifts to man
Each has his loves, close wedded to his soul
By fine association's golden links.
As the Great Spirit bids creation teem
With conscious being and intelligence,
So, man, His miniature resemblance, gives
To matter's every form a speaking soul,

An emanation from his spirit's fount,
The impress true of its peculiar seal.
Here finds he Thy best image, sympathy.

Beautiful egoism, to quote one's own. But where is not this same ego? The martyr at the stake seeks its gratification as much as the court sycophant, the difference lying in the comparative dignity and beauty of the two egos. People absurdly talk of self-denial. Why, there is none in virtue, to a being of moral excellence: the greatest torture to such a soul would be to run counter to the dictates of conscience; to wallow in the slough of meanness, deception, revenge, or sensuality. This was Paul's idea in the first chapter of the 2d Epistle to Timothy (I think that is the passage).

Happiness As an Art

[To her friend, Miss Sara Hennell, May 3, 1844, while translating Strauss's "Life of Jesus."]

. . . You will soon be settled and enjoying the blessed spring and summer time. I hope you are looking forward to it with as much delight as I. One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy. I am just beginning to make some progress in the science, and I hope to disprove Young's theory that "as soon as we have found the key of life it opes the gates of death." Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation, and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead. I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest. What a miserable augury

for the progress of the race and the destination of the individual if the more matured and enlightened state is the less happy one! Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect: to the child it is full of deep sorrows, the meaning of which is unknown. Witness colic and whooping-cough and dread of ghosts, to say nothing of hell and Satan, and an offended deity in the sky, who was angry when I wanted too much plumcake. Then the sorrows of older persons, which children see but cannot understand, are worse than all. All this to prove that we are happier than when we were seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty than we are now, which I call a comfortable doctrine, and one worth trying to believe!

[To Miss Hennell, April 21, 1852.]

. . . If there is any change in my affection for you it is that I love you more than ever, not less. I have as perfect a friendship for you as my imperfect nature can feel—a friendship in which deep respect and admiration are sweetened by a sort of flesh-and-blood sisterly feeling and the happy consciousness that I have your affection, however undeservedly, in return. I have confidence that this friendship can never be shaken; that it must last while I last, and that the supposition of its ever being weakened by a momentary irritation is too contemptibly absurd for me to take the trouble to deny it. As to your whole conduct to me, from the first day I knew you, it

has been so generous and sympathetic that, if I did not heartily love you, I should feel deep gratitude—but love excludes gratitude. It is impossible that I should ever love two women better than I love you and Clara. Indeed, it seems to me that I can never love any one so well; and it is certain that I can never have any friend—not even a husband—who would supply the loss of those associations with the past which belong to you. Do believe in my love for you, and that it will remain as long as I have my senses, because it is interwoven with my best nature, and is dependent, not on any accidents of manner, but on long experience, which has confirmed the instinctive attraction of earlier days.

[To Miss Hennell, September 14, 1865.]

We came home again on Thursday night—this day week—after a month's absence in Normandy and Brittany. I have been thinking of you very often since, but believed that you did not care to have the interruption of letters just now, and would rather defer correspondence till your mind was freer. If I had suspected that you would feel any want satisfied by a letter I should certainly have written. I had not heard of Miss Bonham Carter's death, else I should have conceived something of your state of mind. I think you and I are alike in this, that we can get no good out of pretended comforts, which are the devices of self-love, but would rather, in spite of pain, grow into the endurance of all "naked

truths." So I say no word about your great loss, except that I love you, and sorrow with you.

The circumstances of life—the changes that take place in ourselves—hem in the expression of affections and memories that live within us, and enter almost into every day, and long separations often make intercourse difficult when the opportunity comes. But the delight I had in you, and in the hours we spent together, and in all your acts of friendship to me, is really part of my life, and can never die out of me. I see distinctly how much poorer I should have been if I had never known you. If you had seen more of me in late years, you would not have such almost cruel thoughts as that the book into which you have faithfully put your experience and best convictions could make you "repugnant" to me. Whatever else my growth may have been, it has not been toward irreverence and ready rejection of what other minds can give me. You once unhappily mistook my feeling and point of view in something I wrote apropos of an argument in your "Aids to Faith" and that made me think it better that we should not write on large and difficult subjects in hasty letters. But it has often been painful to me—I should say, it has constantly been painful to me—that you have ever since inferred me to be in a hard and unsympathetic state about your views and your writing. But I am habitually disposed myself to the same unbelief in the sympathy that is given me, and am the last person who should be allowed to com-

plain of such unbelief in another. And it is very likely that I may have been faulty and disagreeable in my expressions.

Excuse all my many mistakes, dear Sara, and never believe otherwise than that I have a glow of joy when you write to me, as if my existence were some good to you. I know that I am, and can be, very little practically; but to have the least value for your thought is what I care much to be assured of.

Perhaps, in the cooler part of the autumn, when your book is out of your hands, you will like to move from home a little and see your London friends?

[From Her Journal]

September, 1856, made a new era in my life, for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel; and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went further toward the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighboring farm-houses; and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel.

My "introductory chapter" was pure description, though there were good materials in it for dramatic presentation. It happened to be among the papers I had with me in Germany, and one evening at Berlin something led me to read it to George. He was struck with it as a bit of concrete description, and it suggested to him the possibility of my being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed, disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power. Still, he began to think that I might as well try some time what I could do in fiction, and by and by, when we came back to England, and I had greater success than he ever expected in other kinds of writing, his impression that it was worth while to see how far my mental power would go toward the production of a novel, was strengthened. He began to say very positively, "You must try and write a story," and when we were at Tenby he urged me to begin at once. I deferred it, however, after my usual fashion with work that does not present itself as an absolute duty. But one morning, as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story of which the title was "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton." I was soon wide awake again and told George. He said, "Oh, what a capital title!" and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story. George used to say, "It may be a failure —it may be that you are unable to write fiction.

Or, perhaps, it may be just good enough to warrant your trying again." Again, "You may write a masterpiece at once—there's no telling." But his prevalent impression was, that though I could hardly write a poor novel, my effort would want the highest quality of fiction—dramatic presentation. He used to say, "You have wit, description, and philosophy—those go a good way toward the production of a novel. It is worth while for you to try the experiment."

[To John Blackwood, of Edienburgh, publisher of "Amos Barton," who wrote George Eliot in high praise of her work, adding a little critical comment. She replied, February 18, 1857:]

I am unable to alter anything in relation to the delineation or development of character, as my stories always grow out of my psychological conception of the *dramatis personæ*. For example, the behavior of Caterina in the gallery is essential to my conception of her nature, and to the development of that nature in the plot. My artistic bent is directed not at all to the presentation of eminently irreproachable characters, but to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgment, pity, and sympathy. And I cannot stir a step aside from what I feel to be true in character. If anything strikes you as untrue to human nature in my delineations, I shall be very glad if you will point it out to me, that I may reconsider the matter. But, alas! inconsistencies and weaknesses

are not untrue. I hope that your doubts about the plot will be removed by the further development of the story. Meanwhile, warmest thanks for your encouraging letters.

[From a note to her publisher, John Blackwood, May 28, 1858].

It is invariably the case that when people discover certain points of coincidence in a fiction with facts that happen to have come to their knowledge, they believe themselves able to furnish a key to the whole. That is amusing enough to the author, who knows from what widely sundered portions of experience—from what a combination of subtle, shadowy suggestions, with certain actual objects and events, his story has been formed. It would be a very difficult thing for me to furnish a key to my stories myself. But where there is no exact memory of the past, any story with a few remembered points of character or of incident may pass for a history.

[To a friend, Miss Bray, George Eliot wrote as to the reception of "Adam Bede" by her friends and neighbors, 1859:]

The things you tell me are just such as I need to know—I mean about the help my book is to the people who read it. The weight of my future life—the self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production, presses upon me almost continually in a way that

prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the work done. Buoyancy and exultation, I fancy, are out of the question when one has lived so long as I have. But I am the better for every word of encouragement, and am helped over many days by such a note as yours. I often think of my dreams when I was four or five and twenty. I thought then how happy fame would make me! I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it is a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses and given me reason for gladness that such an unpromising woman child was born into the world. I ought not to care about small annoyances, and it is chiefly egoism that makes them annoyances. I had quite an enthusiastic letter from Herbert Spencer the other day about "Adam Bede." He says he feels the better for reading it—really words to be treasured up. I can't bear the idea of appearing further in the papers. And there is no one now except people who would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead, to whom any statement apropos of Liggins [who claimed to have written "Adam Bede"] would be otherwise than superfluous. I dare say some "investigator" of the Bracebridge order will arise after I am dead and revive the story—and perhaps posterity will believe in Liggins. Why not? A man a little while ago wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Waverley novels were chiefly written, not by Walter Scott, but by Thomas Scott and

his wife Elizabeth. The main evidence being that several people thought Thomas cleverer than Walter, and that in the list of the Canadian regiment of Scots to which Thomas belonged many of the names of the Waverley novels occurred—among the rest Monk—and in "Woodstock" there is a General Monk! The writer expected to get a great reputation by his pamphlet, and I think it might have suggested to Mr. B. his style of critical and historical inference. I must tell you, in confidence, that Dickens has written to me the noblest, most touching words about "Adam"—not hyperbolical compliments, but expressions of deep feeling. He says the reading made an epoch in his life.

[To her publisher, John Blackwood, October 16, 1859.]

I do feel more than I ought about outside sayings and doings, and I constantly rebuke myself for all that part of my susceptibility, which I know to be weak and egoistic; still what is said about one's art is not merely a personal matter—it touches the very highest things one lives for. Truth in art is so startling that no one can believe in it as art, and the specific forms of religious life which have made some of the grandest elements in human history are looked down upon as if they were not within the artist's sympathy and veneration and intensely dramatic reproduction.

"I do well to be angry" on that ground, don't I? The simple fact is, that I never saw anything of my aunt's writing, and Dinah's words came from me, "as the tears come because our heart is full, and we can't help them."

[To Madame Bodichon, on December 26, 1860, George Eliot wrote a letter full of sympathy. In the course of her pa[illegible] there occurs:]

The bright point in your letter is that you are in a happy state of mind yourself. For the rest, we must wait, and not be impatient with those who have their inward trials, though everything outward seems to smile on them. It seems to those who are differently placed that the time of freedom from strong ties and urgent claims must be very precious for the ends of self-culture and good, helpful work toward the world at large. But it hardly ever is so. As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to do without opium, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

[To the same correspondent, on February 15, 1862:]

. . . I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good. I would rather know that the beings I love are in some trouble, and suffer because of it, even though I can't help them, than be fancying them happy when they are not so, and making myself comfortable on the strength of that false belief. And so I am impatient of all ignorance and concealment. I don't say "that is wise," but simply "that is my nature." I can enter into what you have felt, for serious illness, such as seems to bring death near, makes one feel the simple human brother and sisterhood so strongly that those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of a hospital patient when she was dying, her face, and all the memories along with it, would seem to lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of many old friends and blood relations.

Higher Education for Women

[To Madame Bodichon, April 6, 1868, concerning the higher education of women.]

. . . What I should like to be sure of, as a result of higher education for women—a result that will come to pass over my grave—is their recognition of the great amount of social unpro-

ductive labor which needs to be done by women, and which is now either not done at all or done wretchedly. No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each aims at doing the highest kind of work, which ought rather to be held in sanctity as what only the few can do well. I believe, and I want it to be well shown, that a more thorough education will tend to do away with the odious vulgarity of our notions about functions and employment, and to propagate the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing work for which we are unfit—to do work of any sort badly. There are many points of this kind that want being urged, but they do not come well from me.

GEORGE ELIOT.

OCTOBER 23

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW*

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness—typical by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the pater-

*One reason for including this dream-legend is that De Quincey himself calls attention to it as furnishing a key to the whole scheme of his SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS had he been able to complete the series. Another reason is that this little paper is perhaps, all in all, the finest thing that De Quincey ever wrote. It is certainly the most perfect specimen he has left us of his peculiar art of English prose-poetry, and certainly also one of the most magnificent pieces of prose in the English or in any other language.

nal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his power. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *educo*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *educo*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night

themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this word, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always

with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know. For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters.

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations,—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.*

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices

through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever which,

heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by my childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding. He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her:* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound.

By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island,

blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning Maytime by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace: all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads

as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest ——! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden: through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunatics, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the sighs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:—

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled; and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy scepter lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope; wither the relenting of love; scorch the fountains of tears; curse him as only *thou* canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths,

fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."[1]

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

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[1]TO LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW as originally printed in *Blackwood* of June, 1845, De Quincey subjoined this important note:—"The reader who wishes at all to understand the course of these Confessions ought not to pass over this dream-legend. There is no great wonder that a vision which occupied my waking thoughts in those years should reappear in my dreams. It was, in fact, a legend recurring in sleep, most of which I had myself silently written or sculptured in my daylight reveries. But its importance to the present Confessions is this,—that it rehearses or prefigures their course. This FIRST Part belongs to Madonna. The THIRD belongs to the 'Mater Suspiriorum,' and will be entitled 'The Pariah Worlds.' The FOURTH, which terminates the work, belongs to the 'Mater Tenebrarum,' and will be entitled 'The Kingdom of Darkness.' As to the SECOND, it is an interpolation requisite to the effect of the others, and will be explained in its proper place."—Such was De Quincey's prefiguration in 1845 of the course of those SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS papers, then only begun, which, when completed, were to be offered by him in his old age as a second, and more profoundly conceived, set of his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." I detect signs in the footnote of a mere momentary attempt to forecast the probable nature and range of a series of papers yet unborn for the most part, and to bespeak a plausible principle for their classification when they should all be in existence. It was a mere extempore scheme, very hazy in the gap between the finished Part I., which the *Mater Lachrymarum* was supposed already to own, and the projected Parts III and IV, which were to belong to the *Mater Suspiriorum* and the *Mater Tenebrarum* respectively; and I doubt whether the scheme could, in any circumstances, have been consistently and acceptably carried out. In fact, as has been explained in our Introduction to these SUSPIRIA, it broke down. What is most interesting in the words just quoted is the evidence they afford of the value which De Quincey himself attached, and partly for autobiographical reasons, to his mythological conception of "The Three Ladies of Sorrow" and of the diverse realms and functions of those three sister-goddesses in the world of mankind.—Professor Masson.

OCTOBER 24

A TILLYLOSS SCANDAL

Chapter I

In Which We Approach Haggart, Hat in Hand

ACCORDING to those who have thought the thing over, it would defy the face of clay to set forth this prodigious affair of Tillyloss, the upshot of which was that Tammas Haggart became a humorist. It happened so far back as the Long Year, so called by reason of disease in the potato crop; and doubtless the house, which still stands, derides romance to those who cavil at an outside stair. Furthermore, the many who only knew Haggart in his later years, whether personally or through written matter or from Thrums folk who have traveled, will not readily admit that he may once have been an every-day man. There is also against me the vexing practice of the farmer of Lookaboutyou, who never passes Tillyloss, if there is a friend of mine within earshot, without saying:

"Gravestane or no gravestane, Tammas Haggart would have been a humorist."

Lookaboutyou thus implies that he knew Haggart for a man of parts when the rest of us were

blind, and it is tantalizing beyond ordinary to see his word accepted in this matter by people who would not pay him for a drill of potatoes without first stepping it to make sure of the length.

I have it from Tammas Haggart that until the extraordinary incident occurred which I propose telling as he dropped it into my mouth, he was such a man as myself. True, he was occasionally persuaded by persons of Lookaboutyou's stamp to gloss over this admission, as incredible on the face of it, but that was in his last years, when he had become something of a show, and was in a puzzle about himself. Of the several reasons he gave me in proof of a non-humorous period in his life the following seem worthy of especial attention:—

First, that for some years after his marriage he had never thought of himself as more nicely put together than other men. He could not say for certain whether he had ever thought of himself at all, his loom taking up so much of his time.

Second, that Chirsty was able to aggravate him by saying that if which was which she would have married James Pitbladdo.

Third, that he was held of little account by the neighbors, who spoke of his living "above Lunan's shoppy," but never localized the shop as "below Haggart's house."

Fourth, that while on his wanderings he experienced certain novel and singular sensations in his inside, which were probably his humor trying to force a passage.

Fifth, that in the great scene which ended his

wanderings, his humor burst its banks like a dam, and had flowed in burns ever since.

During nearly forty years we contrived now and again to harness Tammas to his story, but often he would stop at the difficulty of realizing the man he must have been in his pre-humorous days, and remark, in his sarcastic way, that the one Haggart could not fathom the other. Thus our questionings sometimes ended in silence, when we all looked in trouble at the fire and then went home. As for starting him on the story when he was not in the vein, it was like breasting the brae against a high wind.

When the events happened I was only a lad. I cannot send my mind back to the time when I could pass Haggart without the side-glance nearly all Thrums offered to his reputation, and he is best pictured hunkering at Tillyloss, one of a row of his admirers. After eight o'clock it was the pleasant custom of the weavers to sit in the open against a house or dyke, their knees near their chins and their ears ready for Haggart. Then his face would be contracted in pain as some strange idea bothered him and he searched for its humorous aspect. Perhaps ten minutes afterward his face would expand, he would slap his knees, and we knew that the struggle was over. It was one of his ways, disliked at the time, yet admired on reflection, not to take us into the secret of his laughter; but he usually ended by looking whimsically in the direction of the burying-ground, when we were perfectly aware of the

source of the joke, and those of us nudged each other who were not scared. Until the spell was broken we might sit thus for the space of a quarter of an hour, none speaking, yet in the completest sympathy, because we were all thinking of the same thing, and that a gravestone.

Tillyloss is three broken rows of houses in the east end of Thrums, with gardens between them, nearly every one of which used to contain a pig-sty. There are other ways of getting into the gardens than by windows, for those who are sharp at knowing a gate when it looks like something else. Three or four other houses stand in odd corners, blocking the narrow road, which dodges through Tillyloss like a hunted animal. Starting from the west end of the suburb, as Tillyloss will be called as soon as we can say the word without smirking, the road climbs straight from the high-way to the uppermost row, where it runs against a two-story house. Here we leave it, as many a curious stranger has done, to get out of Tillyloss the best way it can, for that two-storied house is where Tammas Haggart lived, up the outside stair, the west room.

Tammas flitted to the Tenements a year after he became a humorist, and it is an extraordinary tribute to his memory that the road from the pump up to his old residence in Tillyloss is still called Haggart's Roady. Many persons have inhabited his room since he left it, but though the younger ones hold out for an individuality of

their own, the graybeards still allow that it is Haggart's house. To this day Tillyloss residents asked for a landmark to their dwellings may reply.

"I'm sax houses south frae Haggart's," or

"Onybody can point out Haggart's stair to you. Ay, weel, gang to that, and then come back three doors."

The entrance to Lunan's shop was beneath Haggart's stair, which provided a handy retiring place in wet weather. Lunan's personality had the enormous advantage of a start of Tammas's, as has been seen, yet Haggart has practically swallowed Lunan, who in his more crabbed age scowled at the sightseers that came to look at the second story of the house and ignored the shop. As boys we envied, more than learning, the companion whose father kept a shop, and I remember Lunan's son going with his fists for the banker's son who—though he never really believed it—said that his father could have a shop if he liked. Yet the grand romance of Haggart choked the fame of Lunan even with the lads who played dumps at Tillyloss, and the shop came to be localized as "beneath Haggart's stair." Even Lunan's stoutness, which was a landmark in itself, could not save him. The passage between his counter and the wall was so narrow and the rest of his shop so full of goods that before customers could enter Lunan had to come out, but in this quandary his dignity never left him. He always declined to join the company who might be listen-

ing on the stair to Tammas's adventures, but some say he was not above hearkening through a hole in one of the steps.

The exact date of Haggart's departure cannot be determined, though it was certainly in the back end of the year 1834. He had then been married to Chirsty a little short of three years. His age would be something beyond thirty, but he never knew his birthday, and I have heard him say that one of the few things he could not understand was how the relatives of a person deceased could know the precise age to send to the newspapers.

What is, however, known for certain is that Tammas's adventures began within a week of the burial of old Mr. Yuill, the parish minister. There had been a to-do about who should preach the funeral sermon, two ministers having words over it, and all Thrums knowing that Mr. Yuill had left seven pounds to the preacher. At this time Haggart did not belong to the Auld Lichts, nor was he even regular in his attendance at the parish church, but the dispute about the funeral sermon interested him greatly, and when he heard that the session was meeting to decide the affair, he agreed with Chirsty that he might do worse than hang around the door on the chance of getting early information. There was a small crowd at the door on the same errand, all of whom noticed, though they little thought it would give them a topic to their dying day, that Haggart had on his topcoat. It had been an old one of Mr. Yuill's, presented to Tammas, who could not fill it, but

refused to have it altered, out of respect to the minister's memory. It has also been fondly recalled of Tammas that he was only shaven on the one side, as if Chirsty had sent him to the meeting in a hurry, and that he had not the look of a man who was that very night to enter upon experiences which would confound the world.

"It was an impressive spectacle," Snecky Hobart said subsequently, "to see Tammas discussing the burial sermon, just as keen as me and T'nowhead, and then to think that within twenty-four hours the very ministers themselves would be discussing him."

"He said to me it had been a dowie day," T'nowhead always remembered.

"He shoved me when he was crushing in nearer the door," was Hender Robbie's boast.

"But he took a snuff out of my mull."

"Maybe he did, but I was the last he spoke to. He said, 'Weel, Dan'l, I'll be stepping back to Tilly.'"

"Ay, but I passed him at the Tenements, and he says, 'Davit,' he says, and I says 'Tammas.'"

"Very like; but I was carrying a ging of water frae Susie Linn's pump, and Tammas said would I give him a drink, the which I did."

"Lads, I'm no sure but what I noticed a far-away look in Tammas's face, as if there was something on his mind."

"If ye did, Jeames, ye kept it to yoursel'."

"Ay, but I meant to mention it when I got hame."

"How did ye no, then?"

"How does a body no do many a thing? I dinna say I noticed the look, but just that I'm no sure but what I noticed it."

So we all did our best to recall Haggart's last words and looks on that amazing evening, even the Auld Licht minister, who cared little for popularity, claiming as a noticeable thing to have walked behind Tammas and observed that his handkerchief was hanging out of his north pocket. But though all these memories have their value as relics, we have Tammas's own word for it that from the time he reached the session house until his return to Tillyloss he felt much as usual.

"Ay," he would say in his impressive way, "many a thing may happen between the aucht and the ten-o'clock bells, but I told neither T'nowhead nor Snecky nor none of them as onything was to happen that nicht.'

"Ye did not, Tammas; na, na, for if ye had I would have heard ye, me being there."

"Ay, but ye couldna say my reason for no telling ye?"

"Na."

"Weel, then, my reason was just this that I didna ken mysel'."

Chapter II

Containing the Circumstances which Led to the Departure of Haggart

In the future Haggart's mind was to become a book in which he could turn up any page wanted,

but its early stage was a ravel not worth harking back to unless for purposes of comparison. He could never, therefore, when questioned, say for certain that between the session house and Tillyloss he had met a soul except the Auld Licht minister, to see whom was naturally to feel him. At the foot of Tilly, however, he was taken aback to find a carriage and two horses standing.

The sight knocked all the news he had heard about the funeral sermon out of his head, and left him with just sufficient sense to put his back to the wall and assume the appearance of a man who would begin to think directly. First he gazed at the horses, and said,

"Ay."

Then he looked less carefully at the coachman.

"Yes," he said.

Lastly, he gave both eyes to the carriage, and corroborated his previous remarks with,

"Umpha."

In themselves these statements suggest little, though they really left Haggart master of the situation. The first was his own answer to the question, "Will these be Balribbie's beasts?" and the second was merely a stepping-stone to the third, which was a short way of saying that the ladies had called on Chirsty at last.

Tammas's wife, Chirsty, had been a servant at Balribbie, the mistress of which had promised, as most of Thrums was aware, to call on her some day.

"Ye'll be none the better though she does call,"

Haggart used to say, to which Chirsty's inhuman answer was,

"Maybe no; but it'll make every other woman in Tillyloss miserable."

Every day for a year Chirsty awaited the coming of the ladies, after which it was the neighbors who spoke of the promised visit rather than herself. But evidently the ladies had come after all, and the question for Tammas was whether to face them or step about Tilly until they had driven away. It is difficult, no doubt, to believe that there ever was a time when Haggart would rather have hidden behind a dyke than converse with the gentry, but I have this from himself. He, whose greatest topic in the future was to be, Women, and Why we should Put up with Them, however Unreasonable, could not think of the proper thing to say to the ladies of Balribbie.

"Losh, losh," he has said, when casting his mind back to this period, "it's hard to me to believe that the unhumorous man swithering at the foot of Tilly that nicht was really Tammas Haggart, and no just somebody dressed up in Tammas Haggart's image."

If it was hard to Tammas, how much harder to the like of us.

Without actually deciding to show tail, Tammas continued to lean heavily against the wall, where he was not conspicuous to two women who passed a little later with baskets on their arms.

"I assure ye Chirsty's landed," one of them said, "for she has her grand folk after all."

"Ay," said the other, "and Tammas is no in, so she'll no need to explain how her man's so lang and thin by what he was when she exhibited him at Balribbie."

"What do ye mean, ye limmers?" cried Haggart, stepping into sight. "I was never at Balribbie."

They slipped past him giggling, with the parting shots—

"Chirsty can tell ye what we mean," and

"And so can Jeames Pitbladdo."

Haggart probably sent his under lip over the upper one, for that was his way when troubled. He was aware that Chirsty had very nearly married Pitbladdo, but these women meant something else. Without knowing that he was doing so, he marched straight for his house, and was halfway up to the outside stair when the door opened, and two ladies, accompanied by Chirsty, came out. Haggart did not even know what they were like, though he was to become such an authority on the female face and figure. He stopped, wanting the courage to go on and the discourtesy to turn back. So he merely stood politely in their way.

Chirsty gave her curls an angry shake as she saw him, but he had to be acknowledged.

"This is himself," she said, with the contempt a woman naturally feels for her husband.

Thus cornered, Tammas opened his mouth wide, to have his photograph taken, as it were, by the two ladies. The elder smiled and said,

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, James."

Tammas thinks she said more, but could never swear to it. To keep up with her quick way of speaking was a race for him, and at the word "James" he stumbled, as against a stone. When he came to himself,

"Thank ye, mem," he said, "but my name——"

Here Chirsty gave him a look that made him lose his words.

"Let the leddies pass, can ye no?" she exclaimed.

For a moment Tammas did not see how they could pass, unless by returning to the house, when he could follow them and so get rid of himself. Then he had the idea of descending.

"At the same time," he said, picking up the lost words, "my name——"

"Dinna argy bargy with the leddies," said Chirsty, tripping down the stair like a lady herself, but not hoisting the color that would at that moment have best become her.

"You must come out to Balribbie again and see us, James," the elder lady remarked by way of good-night.

Tammas turned a face of appeal to his other visitor, who had been regarding him curiously.

"Do you know, James," she said, "I would not have recognized you again?"

"Very like," answered Tammas, "for ye never saw me."

"Be ashamed of yourself, James," cried Chirsty, shocked to hear husband of hers contradict a lady.

The young lady, however, only smiled.

"Oh, James," she said, playfully, "to think you have forgotten me, and I poured out your tea that day at Balribbie with my own hand."

In his after years Tammas, tempted to this extent, would have answered in some gallant words such as the young lady could have taken away with her in the carriage. But that night he was only an ordinary man.

"I never set foot in Bal——" he was replying, when Chirsty interfered.

"Well he minds of it," she said, audaciously, "and no farther back than Monday he says to me, 'That was a cup of tea,' he says, 'as I never tasted the marrows of.'"

"Wuman!" cried Tammas.

"See to the house, James," said Chirsty, "and I'll go as far as the carriage with the ladies."

When Chirsty returned, five minutes afterwards, her husband was standing where she had left him.

"My name, mem," he was saying to the stair, "is not James, but Tammas, and it's gospel I tell ye when I say I was never at Balribbie in my born days."

Chirsty passed him without a word, and went into the house, slamming the door. Tammas and his tantrums did not seriously disturb her, but she had been badly used on her way back from the carriage. While helping the ladies to their seats she had been happily conscious of Kitty Crabb peeping at the proud sight from the back of the

doctor's dyke, and as Kitty was the most celebrated gossip in Tillyloss, Chirsty thought to herself, "It'll be through Tilly before bedtime."

"Ay, Kitty," she said, on her way back, looking over the dyke, "that was the Balribbie family calling on me."

Kitty, however, could never stand Chirsty's airs, and saw an opportunity of humbling her.

"I saw nobody," she answered.

"They've been in my house since half nine," cried Chirsty, anxiously, "and that was their carriage."

"I saw no carriage," said Kitty, cruelly.

"I saw ye gaping at it ower the dyke," Chirsty screamed, "and that's it ye hear driving east the road."

"I hear nothing," said Kitty.

"Katrine Crabb," cried Chirsty, "think shame of yourself."

"Na, Chirsty," rejoined Kitty, "ye needna blame me if your grand folk ignore ye."

So Chirsty entered her house with the dread fear that no one would give her the satisfaction of allowing that the Balribbie family had crossed its threshold. She was wringing a duster, as if it were Kitty Crabb, when Tammas stamped up the stair in no mood to offer sympathy.

He kept his bonnet on, more like a visitor than a man in his own house, but as he plumped upon a stool by the fire he flung his feet against the tongs in a way that showed he required immediate attention.

"I'm waiting," he said, after a pause.

"Take your feet off the fender," replied Chirsty.

"Tell me my name immediately," requested Tammas.

"That's what's troubling ye?"

"It is so. What's my name?"

"Sal, whatever it is, I wish it wasna mine."

"Your grand folk called me James."

"So I noticed."

"How was that?"

"Ye couldna expect the like of them to ken the ins and outs of your name."

"Nane of your tricks, wuman; I wasna born on a Sabbath. It was you that said my name was Jeames; ay, and what's more, ye called me Jeames yoursel'."

"Do ye think I was to conter grand folk like the Balribbie family?"

"Conter here, conter there, I want to bottom this. They said I had been at Balribbie."

"Weel, I think ye micht have been glad to take the credit of that."

"It's my opinion," said Tammas, "that ye've been pretending I was Jeames Pitbladdo."

"Ye micht have been proud of that, too," retorted Chirsty.

"As sure as death," said Tammas, "if ye dinna clear this up I gang to Balribbie for licht on't."

"She looked me in the face at that," Tammas used to say as he told the story, "and when she saw the michty determination in it she began to sing small. I pointed to the place whaur I

wanted her to stand, and I says, 'Now, then, I'm waiting.'"

"I never pretended to ye," said Chirsty, "but what it was touch and go my no marrying Jeames Pitbladdo."

Tammas nodded.

"The leddies at Balribbie thocht it was him I was to marry."

"I daursay."

"They didna ken about you at that time."

"They dinna seem to ken about me yet."

"Jeames used to come about Balribbie a heap, and they saw he was after me, and Miss Mary often said to me was I fond of him? Ay, and I said he was daft about me. Then he spiered me, and after that they had him up to the house."

"So, so, and that was the time he got the tea?"

"It was so, and then I gave up my place, them promising to come and visit me when I was settled."

"Ay, but Jeames creepit off after all."

"Weel ye ken it was his superstitiousness made him give me the go-by."

"I've heard versions of the story frae folk in the toon, but I didna credit them. Ye took guid care never to tell me about it yoursel'. Ye said to me it was you that wouldna have him, no that he wouldna take you."

"He wanted me, but he was always a superstitious man, Jeames Pitbladdo. He was never fonder of me than when we parted."

"All I ken," said Tammas, "is that he wouldna

buy the ring to ye, and that must either have been because he didna want ye when it came to the point, or because he was a michty greedy crittur."

"He's no greedy; and as for no caring for me, it near broke his heart to give me up. There was tears on his face when we parted."

"Havers! what was there to keep him frae buying the ring if he wanted it?"

"His superstitiousness."

"What is there superstitious about a ring?"

"It wasna the ring; it was the hiccup did it."

"Ay, I heard there was a hiccup in the story, but I didna fash about it."

"Jeames did though, and it was a very queery thing, I can tell ye, though I didna put the wecht on it that he did. As many a one kens forby me, he walked straight to Peter Lambie's shop to buy the ring, and just as he had his hand on the door he took the hiccup. Ye ken what a superstitious man Jeames is."

"If I wanted a wife it's no hiccup would stand in the road."

"Because you're ower ignorant to be superstitious. And Jeames didna give in at the first try. He was back at the shop the next nicht, and there he took the hiccup again. Then he came to me and said in terrible disappointment as it would be wicked to marry in the face of Providence. I never saw a man so crushed like."

"Ay, I'm no saying but what this may be true, but it doesna explain your reason for calling me Jeames."

"I call ye Tammas as a rule, when it's necessary to mention your name. Ye canna deny that."

"Tell me how I'm Jeames to the gentry."

"I wasna to disgrace mysel' to them, was I?"

"Whaur's the disgrace in Tammas?"

"Ye maun see, Tammas Haggart, dull as ye are, that it was a trying position for me to be in. When I left Balribbie the leddies thocht I was to marry Jeames Pitbladdo; did they no?"

"I daursay."

"And I had told them Jeames was complete daft about me; and so he was, for he called his very porridge spoon after me, a thing you never did."

"Did I ever pretend to you I had these poetical ways?"

"I wouldna have believed it, though you did. But was ever mortal woman left in sich a predicament because of a superstition? Nat'rally, when I married you, I didna let on to the Balribbie family as ye wasna Jeames Pitbladdo, and Jeames Pitbladdo they think ye to this day. What harm does it do ye?"

"Harm! It leaves me complete mixed up about mysel'. Chirsty Todd, ye have disgraced me this nicht."

Here Chirsty turned on him.

"I've disgraced ye, have I? And wha has shamed me every nicht for years, if no' yersel', Tammas Haggart?"

"In what way have I shamed ye?"

"In many a way, and particularly with what

ye say at family worship. Take your feet off that fender."

"I keep my feet on the fender till I hear what new blether this is: ay, and longer if I like."

"The things ye say in the prayer is an insult."

"Canny, Chirsty Todd. That prayer, as weel ye ken, was learned out of a book, the which was lended to me for the purpose by a flying stationer."

"Ye're a puir crittur if ye canna make up what to say yersel'. Do you think you'll ever be an elder? Not you."

"Wha wants to be an elder?"

"None of your blasphemy, Tammas Haggart."

"What's wrang with the prayer?"

"Gang through it in your head, and you'll soon see that."

Tammas repeated the prayer aloud, but without enlightenment; whereupon Chirsty nearly went the length of shaking him.

"Did ye not pray this minute," she said, "'for the heads of this house, and also the children thereof?'"

"I did so."

"And have ye no repeated these words every nicht for near three years?"

"And what about that?"

"Tammas Haggart, have we any bairns? Is there 'children thereof'?"

Tammas used to say that at this point he took his feet off the fender. When he spoke it was thus—

"As sure as death, Chirsty, I never thocht of that."

His intention was to soothe the woman, but the utter unreasonableness of the sex, as he has pointed out, was finely illustrated by the way Chirsty took his explanation.

"Ye never thocht of it!" she exclaimed, "Tammas, you're a most aggravating man."

In his humorous period, Haggart could have stood even this, but that night it was beyond bearing. He jumped to his feet and stumbled to the door.

"Chirsty Todd," he turned to say, slowly and emphatically, "you're a vain tid. But beware, woman, there's others than Jeames Pitbladdo as can take the hiccup."

Chirsty had strange cause to remember this prophecy, but at the moment it only sent her running to the door. Tammas was halfway down Tillyloss already, but she caught him in the back with this stone:

"Guid-nicht, Jeames!"

With these words the Thrums Odyssey began.

Chapter III

Shows How Haggart Sat on a Dyke Looking at His Own Funeral

Haggart must have left Tillyloss with Chirsty heavy on his mind, for an hour afterward he was surprised to find himself out of Thrums. He was

wandering beneath trees alongside the Whunny drain, which is said to have been chiseled from the rocks when men's wages were fourpence a day. Here he sat down, preparatory to turning back. It was now past his usual bedtime, and he had been twelve hours at work that day.

"I canna say whether I sat lang thinking about Chirsty," he afterward admitted; "but I mind watching a water-rat running out and in among some nettles till it got mixed in my mind with the shuttle of my loom, and by that time I was likely sleeping."

The probability is that Tammas, who met no one, walked west from Tillyloss to Susie Linn's pump, where he took the back wynd and made for the drain edge by the west town end. This is the route we have usually given him—though Lookaboutyou sends him round by the den—and I have walked it often with Tammas when we were drawing up a sort of map of his wanderings. The last time I did this was in the company of William Byars, who came back to Thrums recently after nearly thirty years' absence, and spoke of Haggart the moment his eyes lighted again on Tillyloss. Those that saw him say that William was overcome with emotion when he gazed at the memorable outside stair, and at last walked away softly saying, "Haggart was a man." What I can say of my own knowledge is that William met me one day as I was coming into Thrums from my schoolhouse and asked me as a favor to go round the "Haggart places" with him. This I mention

as showing what a hold the affair we are now tracking took upon the popular mind.

I pointed out to William the very spot on which Tammas fell asleep. The drain edge path crossed the burn at that time by a foot-bridge of stone, and climbed a paling into the Long Parks of Auchtersmellie. A hoarding has been erected on this bridge to make travelers go another way, but it is also as good as a sign-post, for ten yards due south from it stands the short thick beech against which Tammas Haggart undoubtedly slept for nearly seven hours on that queer night. Even Lookaboutyou admits this.

To make the scene as vivid as possible, William, at my suggestion, sat down beneath the tree like one sleeping. I then went a little way into the Long Parks and came back hurriedly, making pretense that it was a dark night. I climbed the paling, crossed the bridge—there being two loose spars in the hoarding—and was passing on when suddenly I saw a man sleeping at the foot of a tree. When regarding him I shivered, as if it was the depth of winter, and then noted that he had on a thick topcoat. After a little hesitation, I raised him cautiously and got the coat off without wakening him. I was rushing off with it when I remembered that the night was cold for him as well as for me, and flung my old coat down beside him. Then I hurried off, but of course came back directly, the make-believe being over.

Something very like this happened while Haggart was asleep, though no human eye witnessed

the scene. All we are sure of is that the thief was dressed in corduroys like Tammas's, and that the coat he left behind him was a thin linen one, coarse, stained—though not torn—and apparently worthless. There were twelve buttons on it—an unusual number, but not, as Tammas discovered, too many. It is a matter for regret that this coat was not preserved.

No doubt Tammas was shivering when he woke up, but all his minor troubles were swallowed in the loss of his topcoat, which was not only a fine one, but contained every penny he had in the world, namely, seven shillings and sixpence in a linen bag. He climbed into the Long Parks looking for the thief; he ran along the drain edge looking for him, and finally he sat down in dull despair. It was a cruel loss, and now not his indignation with Chirsty, but Chirsty's case against him, shook his frame.

"The first use I ever made of the linen coat," he allowed, "was to wipe the water off my een wi't."

Only fear of Chirsty can explain Haggart's next step, which was, after putting on the linen coat, to wander off by the Long Parks, instead of at once returning to Tillyloss.

I did not take William over the ground covered by Haggart during the next three days; indeed, the great part of it is only known to me by vague report. Tammas doubtless had no notion when he ran away, as one might call it, from Chirsty, that he would sleep next night thirty miles from Thrums. At the back of the house of Auchters-

mellie, however, he fell in with a wandering tailor, bound for a glen farm, where six weeks' work awaited him. He was not a man of these parts, but Tammas offered to walk a few miles with him, and ended by going the whole way. Of Haggart's experiences at this time I know much, but none of them is visible beside the surprising event that sent him homeward striding.

It takes one aback to think that Haggart might never have been a humorist had not one of the buttons fallen off his coat. The immediate effect of this was dramatic rather than humorous. The tailor picked up the button to sew it on to the coat again, but surprised by its weight had the curiosity to tear its linen covering with his scissors. Then he drew in his breath, extending his eyes and looking so like a man who would presently whistle with surprise that Haggart stooped forward to regard the button closely. Next moment he had snatched up the button with one hand and the coat with another, and was off like a racer to the tinkle of the starter's bell.

When beyond pursuit, Haggart sat down to make certain that he was really a rich man. The button that had fallen off was a guinea—gold guineas we said in Thrums, out of respect for them—covered with cloth, and a brief examination showed that the eleven other buttons were of the same costly kind. One popular explanation of this mysterious affair is that the tramp who left this coat to Tammas had stolen it from some person unknown, without realizing its value. Who

the owner was has never been discovered, but he was doubtless a miser, who liked to carry his hoard about with him unostentatiously. I have known of larger sums hidden by farmers in as unlikely places.

Before resuming his triumphal march home, Tammas pricked a hole in each of the buttons, to make sure of his fortune, and wasted some time in deciding that it would be safer to carry the guineas as they were than stowed away in his boots.

"Sometimes on the road home," he used to say, "I ran my head on a tree or splashed into a bog, for it's sair work to keep your een on twelve buttons, when they're all in different places. Lads, I watched them as if they were living things."

William and I crossed from the drain edge to the hill, where the next scene in the drama was played. The hill is public ground to the north of Thrums, separated from it by the cemetery and a few fields. So steep is the descent that a heavy stone pushed from the south side of the hill-dyke might crash two minutes afterward against the back walls of Tillyloss. The view from the hill is among the most extensive in Scotland, and it also exposes some dilapidated courts in Thrums that are difficult to find when you are within a few feet of them. Fifty years ago the hill was nearly covered with whins, and it is half hidden in them still, despite the life-work of D. Fittis.

For some reason that I probably never knew, we always called him D. Fittis, but tradition remembers him as the Whinslayer. At a time

when neither William nor I was of an age to play smuggle, D. Fittis's wife lay dying far up Glen Quharity. Her head was on D. Fittis's breast, and the tears on her cheeks came from his eyes. There were no human beings within an hour's trudge of them, and what made D. Fittis gulp was that he must leave Betsy alone while he ran through the long night for the Thrums doctor, or sit with her till she died.

"Ye'll no leave me, Davie," she said.

"Oh, Betsy; if I had the doctor, ye micht live."

Betsy did not think she could live, but she knew her man writhed in his helplessness, and she told him to go.

"Put on your cravat, Davie," she said, "and mind and button up your coat."

"Oh, but I'm loth to gang frae ye," he said when his cravat was round his neck and he stood holding Betsy's hand.

"God's with me, Davie, and with you," Betsy said, but she could not help clinging to him, and then D. Fittis cried, "Oh, blessed God, Thou who didst in Thy great wisdom make poor folk like me, in Thy hands I leave this woman, and oh, ye micht spare her to me."

"Ay, but God's will be done," said Betsy. "He kens best."

It was not God's will that these two should meet again on this earth. At the schoolhouse, which was to become my home, D. Fittis found friends who hastened to his wife's side, and Craigiebuckle lent him a horse on which he gal-

loped off to Thrums. But among the whins of the hill the horse flung him and broke his leg. D. Fittis tried to crawl the rest of the way, but he was found next morning in a wild state among the whins, and he was never a sane man again. For the remainder of his life he had but one passion—to cut down the whins, and many a time, at early morn, at noon, and when gloaming was coming on, I have seen him busy among them with his scythe. They grew as fast as he could cut, but he had loving relatives to tend him, and was still a kindly harmless man, though his laugh was empty.

William and I waded through the whins to a hollow in the hill, known as the toad's hole. It was here that Haggart, returning boldly to Thrums four days after Chirsty had the last word, fell in with D. Fittis.

"He was cutting away at the whins," Tammas remembered, "and I dinna think that the whole time me and him spoke he ever raised his head; he was a terribly busy man, D. Fittis."

Haggart, big with his buttons, had, doubtless, as he approached the Whinslayer, the bosom of a victorious soldier marching home to music. Nevertheless it has been noticed that the warrior, who thrives on battles, may, even in the hour of his greatest glory, be forever laid prone by a chimney can. For Tammas Taggart, confident that a few minutes would see him in Tillyloss, was preparing a surprise that rooted him to the toad's hole like a whin. I have a poor memory if I cannot remember Haggart's own words on this matter.

"I stood looking at D. Fittis for a while," he told me, "but I said nothing loud out, though the chances are I was pitying the stocky in my mind. Then I says to him in an ordinary voice, not expecting a dumfounding answer, I says, 'Ay, D. Fittis, and is there onything fresh in Thrums?'

"He hacks away at the whins, but says he, 'The burial's this day.'

"'Man,' I says, 'so there's a funeral! Wha's dead?'

"'Ye ken fine,' says he, implying as the thing was notorious.

"'Na,' I says, 'I dinna ken. Wha is it?'

"'Weel,' says he, 'it's Tammas Haggart.'"

Tammas always warned us here against attempting to realize his feelings at these monstrous words. "I dinna say I can picture my position now mysel'," he said, "but one thing sure is that for the moment these buttons slipped clean out of my head. It was an eerie-like thing to see D. Fittis cutting away at the whins after making such an announcement. A common death couldna have affected him less."

"'Say wha's dead again, D. Fittis,' I cries, minding that the body was daft.

"'Tammas Haggart,' says he, with the utmost confidence.

"'Man, D. Fittis,' I says, with uncontrolled indignation, 'ye're a big liar.'

"'Whaever ye are,' says he, 'I would lick ye for saying that if I could spare the time.'

"'Whaever I am!' I cries. 'Very weel ye ken I'm Tammas Haggart.'

"'Wha's the liar now?' says he.

"I was a sort of staggered at this, and I says sharp-like, 'What did Tammas Haggart die of?'

"I thocht that would puzzle him, if it was just his daftness that made him say I was gone, but he had his cause of death ready. 'He fell down the quarry,' says he.

"Weel, lads, his confidence about the thing sickened me, and I says, 'Leave these whins alone, D. Fittis, and tell me all about it.'

"'I canna stop my work,' he says, 'but Tammas Haggart fell down the quarry four nichts since. Ou, it was in the middle of the nicht, and all Thrums were sleeping when it was wakened by one awful scream. It wakened the whole town. Ay, a heap of folk set up sudden in their beds.'

"'And was that Tammas Haggart falling down the quarry?' I says, earnest-like, for I was a kind of awestruck.

"'It was so,' says he, tearing away in the whins.

"'They didna find the body, though,' I says, looking down on mysel' with satisfaction.

"'Ay,' says he, 'the masons found it the next morning, and there was a richt rush of folk to see it.'

"'Ye had been there?'I says.

"'I was,' says he, 'and so was the wifie as lives beneath me. She took her bairn too, for she said, "It'll be something for the little ane to boast about

having seen when he grows bigger." Ay, man, it had been a michty fall, and the face wasna recognizable.'

"'How did they ken, then,' says I, 'that it was Tammas Haggart?'

"'Ou,' says he at once, 'they kent him by his topcoat.'

"Lads, of course I saw in a klink that the man as stole my topcoat had fallen down the quarry and been mista'en for me. Weel, I nipped mysel' at that. It's an unco thing to say, but I admit I was glad to have this proof, as ye may call it, that it was really me as was standing in the toad's hole.

"'When did ye say the bural was?' I asked him.

"'It's at half three this day,' he says, 'and I'll warrant it's half three now, so if ye want to be sure ye're no Tammas Haggart ye can see him buried.'

"I took a long look at D. Fittis, and it's gospel I tell ye when I say I never liked him from that minute. Then I hurried up the hill to the cemetery dyke, and sat down on it. Lads, I sat there, just at the very corner, whaur they've since put a cross to mark the spot, and I watched my ain bural. Yes, there I sat for near an hour, me, Tammas Haggart, an ordinary man at that time, getting sich an experience as has been denied to the most highly edicated in the land. I'm no boasting, but facts is facts.

"I'm no saying it wasna a fearsome sight, for I had a terrible sinking at the heart, and a mortal

terror took grip of me, so that I couldna have got off that dyke except by falling. Ay, and when the grave was filled up and the mourners had dribbled away, I sat on with some uncommon thochts on my mind. It would be wearing on to four o'clock when I got up shivering, and walked back to whaur D. Fittis was working. There was a question I wanted to put to him.

"'D. Fittis,' I says, 'was there ony of the Balribbie folk as visited Tammas Haggart's wife in her affliction?'

"'Ay,' says the crittur, trying to break a supple whin with his foot, 'the wifie as lives beneath me was in the house at Tillyloss when in walks a grand leddy.'

"'So, so,' I says, 'and was Chirsty ta'en up like about her man being dead?'

"'Ay,' says D. Fittis, 'she was greeting, but as soon as the grand woman comes in, Chirsty takes the wifie as lives beneath me into a corner and whispers to her.'

"'D. Fittis,' I says, sternly, 'tell me what Chirsty Todd whispered, for muckle depends on it.'

"'Weel,' he says, 'she whispered, "If the leddy calls the corpse 'Jeames' dinna conterdict her."'"

"I denounced Chirsty in my heart at that, not being sufficient of a humorist to make allowance for women, and I says, just to see if the thing was commonly kent, I says,

"'And wha would Jeames be?'

"'I dinna ken,' says D. Fittis, 'but maybe

you're Jeames yersel', when ye canna be Tammas Haggart.'

"Lads, ye see now that it was D. Fittis as put it into my head to do what I subsequently did. 'Jeames,' I said, 'I'll be frae this hour,' and without another word I walked off in the opposite direction frae Thrums.

"I dinna pretend as it was Chirsty's behavior alone that sent me wandering through the land. I had a dread of that funeral for one thing, and for another I had twelve gold guineas about me. Moreover, the ambition to travel took hold of me, and I thocht Chirsty's worst trials was over at ony rate, and that she was used to my being dead now."

"But the well-wisher, Tammas?" we would say at this stage.

"Ay, I'm coming to that. I walked at a michty stride alang the hill and round by the road at the back of the three-cornered wood to near as far as the farm of Glassal, and there I sat down at the roadside. I was beginning to be mair anxious about Chirsty now, and to think I was fell fond of her for all her exasperating ways. I was torn with conflicting emotions, of which the one said, 'Back ye go to Tillyloss,' but the other says, 'Ye'll never have a chance like this again.' Weel, I could not persuade mysel', though I did my best, to gang back to my loom and hand ower the siller to Chirsty, and so, as ye all ken, I compromised. I hurried back to the hill——"

"But ye've forgotten the cheese?"

"Na, listen: I hurried back to the hill, wondering how I could send a guinea to Chirsty, and I minded that I had about half a pound of cheese in my pouch, the which I had got at a farm in Glen Quharity. Weel, I shoved a guinea into the cheese, and back I goes to the hill to D. Fittis.

"'D. Fittis,' I says, 'I ken you're an honest man, and I want ye to take this bit of cheese to Chirsty Todd.'

"'Ay,' he says, 'I'll take it, but no till it's ower dark for me to see the whins.'

"What a busy crittur D. Fittis was, and to no end! I left the cheese with him, and was off again, when he cries me back.

"'Wha will I say sent the cheese?' he asks. I considered a minute, and then I says, 'Tell her,' I says, 'that it is frae a well-wisher.'

"These were my last words to D. Fittis, for I was feared other folk micht see me, and away I ran. Yes, lads, I covered twenty miles that day, never stopping till I got to Dundee."

It was Haggart's way, when he told his story, to pause now and again for comments, and this was a point where we all wagged our heads, the question being whether his assumption of the character of a well-wisher was not a clear proof of humor. "That there was humor in it," Haggart would say, when summing up, "I can now see, but compared to what was to follow, it was neither here nor there. My humor at that time was like a laddie trying to open a stiff gate, and even when it did squeeze past, the gate closed again with a

snap. Ay, lads, just listen, and ye'll hear how it came about as the gate opened wide, never to close again."

"Ye had the stuff in ye, though," Lookaboutyou would say, "and therefore, I'm of opinion that ye've been a humorist frae the cradle."

"Little you ken about it," Haggart would answer. "No doubt I had the material of humor in me, but it was raw. I'm thinking cold water and kail and carrots and a penny bone are the materials broth is made of?"

"They are, they are."

"Ay, but it's no broth till it boils?"

"So it's no. Ye're richt, Tammas."

"Weel, then, it's the same with humor. Considering me as a humorist, ye micht say that when my travels began I had put mysel' on the fire to boil."

Chapter IV

The Wanderings of Haggart

Not having a Haggart head on my shoulders I dare not attempt to follow the explorer step by step during his wanderings of the next five months. In that time he journeyed through at least one country, unconsciously absorbing everything that his conjurer's wand could turn to humor when the knack came to him. This admission he has himself signed in conversation.

"Ay," he said, "I was like a blind beggar in these days, and the dog that led me by a string was my impulses."

Most of us let this pass, with the reflection that Haggart could not have said it in his pre-humorous days, but Snecky Hobart put in his word.

"Ye were hardly like the blind beggar," he said, "for ye didna carry a tanker for folk to put bawbees in."

Snecky explained afterward that he only spoke to give Haggart an opportunity. It was, indeed, the way of all of us, when we saw an opening, to coax Tammas into it. So sportsmen of another kind can point out the hare to their dogs, and confidently await results.

"Ye're wrang, Snecky," replied Haggart.

As ever, before shooting his bolt, he then paused. His mouth was open, and he had the appearance of a man hearkening intensely for some communication from below. There were those who went the length of hinting that on these occasions something inside jumped to his mouth and told him what to say.

"Yes, Snecky," he said at last, "ye're wrang. My mouth was the tanker, and the folk I met had all to pay toll, as ye may say, for they dropped things into my mouth that my humor turns to as muckle account as though they were bawbees. I'm no sure——"

"There's no many things ye're no sure of, Tammas."

"And this is no one of them. It's just a form of expression, and if ye interrupt me again, Snecky Hobart, I'll say a sarcastic thing about you that instant. What I was to say was that I'm no sure

but what a humorist swallows everybody whole that he falls in with."

The impossibility of telling everything that befell Haggart in his wanderings is best proved in his own words:

"My adventures," he said, "was so surprising thick that when I cast them over in my mind I'm like a man in a corn-field, and every stalk of corn an adventure. Lads, it's useless to expect me to give you the history of ilka stalk. I wrax out my left hand, and I grip something, namely, an adventure; or I wrax out my right hand and grip something, namely, another adventure. Well, by keeping straight on in ony direction we wade through adventures till we get out of the field, that is to say, till we land back at Thrums. Ye say my adventures sound different on different nichts. Precisely, for it all depends on which direction I splash off in."

Without going the length of saying that Haggart splashed more than was necessary, I may perhaps express regret that he never saw his way to clearing up certain disputed passages in his wanderings. I would, I know, be ill thought of among the friends who survive him if I stated for a fact that he never reached London. There was a general wish that he should have taken London in his travels, and if Haggart had a weakness it was his reluctance to disappoint an audience. I must own that he trod down his corn-field pretty thoroughly before his hand touched the corn-stalk called London, and that his London reminiscences

never seemed to me to have quite the air of reality that filled his recollections of Edinburgh. Admitted that he confirmed glibly as an eye-witness the report that London houses have no gardens (except at the back), it remains undoubted that Craigiebuckle confused him with the question:—

"What do they charge in London for half-a-pound of boiling beef and a penny bone?"

Haggart answered, but after a pause, as if he had forgotten the price, which scarcely seems natural. However, I do not say that he was never in London, and certainly his curious adventures in it are still retailed, especially one with an ignorant policeman who could not tell him which was the road to Thrums, and another with the doorkeeper of the House of Parliament, who, on being asked by Haggart "How much was to pay?" foolishly answered "What you please."

But though I heartily approve the feeling in Thrums against those carping critics who would slice bits off the statue which we may be said to have reared to Haggart's memory, some of the stories now fondly cherished are undoubtedly mythical. For instance, whatever Lookaboutyou may say, I do not believe that Haggart once flung a clod of earth at the Pope. It is perfectly true that some such story got abroad, but if countenanced by Haggart it was only because Chirsty had her own reasons for wanting him to stand well with the Auld Licht minister. Often Haggart was said in his own presence to have had adventures in such places as were suddenly discovered

by us in the newspapers, places that had acquired a public interest, say, because of a murder; and then he neither agreed that he had been there nor allowed that he had not. Thus it is reasonable to believe that his less discriminating admirers splashed out of Haggart's corn-field into some other body's without noticing that they had crossed the dyke. His silence at those times is a little aggravating to his chronicler now, but I would be the first to defend it against detractors. Unquestionably the length of time during which Haggart would put his under lip over the upper one, and so shut the door on words, was one of the grandest proofs of his humor. However plentiful the water in the dam may be, there are occasions when it is handy to let down the sluice.

I the more readily grant that certain of the Haggart stories may have been plucked from the wrong fields, because there still remain a sufficient number of authenticated ones to fill the mind with rapture. A statistician could tell how far they would reach round the world, supposing they were represented by a brick apiece, or how long they would take to pass through a doorway on each other's heels. We never attempted to count them. Being only average men we could not conveniently carry beyond a certain number of the stories about with us, and thus many would doubtless now be lost were it not that some of us loaded ourselves with one lot and others with another. Each had his favorites, and Haggart supplied us with the article we wanted, just as if he

and we were on opposite sides of a counter. Thus when we discuss him now we may have new things to tell of him; nay, even the descendants of his friends are worth listening to on Haggart, for the stories have been passed on from father to son.

Some enjoyed most his reminiscences of how he felt each time he had to cut off another button.

"Lads," he said, "I wasna unlike a doctor. Ye mind Dr. Skene saying as how the young doctors at the college grew faint like at first when they saw blood gushing, but by and by they became so michty hardy that they could off with a leg as cool as though they were just hacking sticks?"

"Ay, he said that."

"Weel, that was my sensations. When I cut off the first button it was like sticking the knife into mysel', and I did it in the dark because I hadna the heart to look on. Ay, the next button was a stiff job, too, but after that I grew what ye may call hard-hearted, and it's scarce going beyond the truth to say that a time came when I had a positive pleasure in sending the siller flying. I dinna ken, thinking the thing out calmly now, but what I was like a wild beast drunk with blood."

"What was the most ye ever spent in a week?"

"I could tell ye that, but I would rather ye wanted to ken what was the most I ever spent in a nicht."

"How muckle?"

"Try a guess."

"Twa shillings?"

"Twa shillings!" cried Haggart, with a contempt that would have been severe had the coins been pennies; "ay, sax shillings is nearer the mark."

"In one nicht?"

"Ay, in one single nicht."

"Ye must have lost some of it?"

"Not a bawbee. Ah, T'nowhead, man, ye little ken how the money goes in grand towns. Them as lives like lords must spend like lords."

"That's reasonable enough, but I would like to hear the price of ilka thing ye got that nicht?"

"And I could tell ye. What do ye say to a shilling and saxpence for a bed?"

"I say it was an intake."

"Of course it was, but I didna grudge it."

"Ye didna?"

"No, I didna. It was in Edinburgh, and my last nicht in the place, and also my last button, so I thinks to mysel' I'll have one tremendous, memorable night, and then I'll go hame. Lads, I was a sort of wearying for Chirsty."

"Ay, but there's four shillings and saxpence to account for yet."

"There is so. Saxpence of it goes for a glass of whisky in the smoking-room. Lads, that smoking-room was a sight utterly baffling imagination. There was no chairs in it except great muckle saft ones, a hantle safter than a chaff bed, and in ilka chair some nobleman or other with his feet up in the air. Ay, I a sort of slipped the first

time I tried a chair, but I wasna to be beat, for thinks I, 'Lords ye may be, but I have paid one and sax for my bed as weel as you, and this nicht I'll be a lord, too!' Keeping the one and sax before me made me bold, and soon I was sprawling in a chair with my legs sticking ower the arm with the best of them. Ay, it wasna so much enjoyable as awe-inspiring."

"That just brings ye up to twa shillings."

"Weel, there was another one and sax for breakfast."

"Astounding!"

"Oh, a haver, of course, but we got as muckle as we liked, and I assure ye it's amazing how much ye can eat, when ye ken ye have to pay for it at ony rate. Then there was ninepence for a luncheon."

"What's that?"

"I didna ken mysel' when I heard them speaking about it, but it turned out to be a grand name for a rabbit."

"Man, is there rabbits in Edinburgh?"

"Next there was threepence of a present to the waiter-loon, and I finished up with a shilling's worth of sangwiches."

"Na, that's just five and saxpence."

Haggart, however, would not always tell how the remaining sixpence went. At first he admitted having squandered it on the theater, but after he was landed by Chirsty in the Auld Licht kirk he withdrew this reminiscence, and put another sixpence-worth in the smoking-room in its place.

As a convincing proof of the size of Edinburgh,

Haggart could tell us how he lost his first lodgings in it. They were next house to a shop which had a great show of vegetables on a board at the door, and Haggart trusted to this shop as a landmark. When he returned to the street, however, there were greengrocery shops everywhere, and after asking at a number of doors if it was here he lived, he gave up the search. This experience has been paralleled in later days by a Tilliedrum minister, who went for a holiday to London, and forgot the name of the hotel he was staying at; so he telegraphed to Tilliedrum to his wife, asking her to tell him what address he had given her when he wrote, and she telegraphed back to him to come home at once.

Like all the great towns Haggart visited, Edinburgh proved to be running with low characters, with whom, as well as with the flower of the place —for he was received everywhere—he had many strange adventures. His affair with the bailie would make a long story itself, if told in full as he told it; also what he did to the piper; how he climbed up the Castle rocks for a wager; why he once marched indignantly out of a church in the middle of the singing; the circumstances in which he cut off his sixth button; his heroic defense of a lady who had been attacked by a footpad; his adventures with the soldier who was in love and had a silver snuffbox; his odd meeting with James Stewart, lawful King of Great Britain and Ireland. With this personage, between whom and a throne there only stood the constables, Haggart of

Thrums hobnobbed on equal terms. The way they met was this. Haggart was desirous of the sensation of driving in a carriage, but grudged much outlay on an experience that would soon be over. He accordingly opened the door of a street vehicle and stepped in, when the driver was not looking. They had a pleasant drive along famous Prince Street and would probably have gone farther had not Haggart become aware that someone was hanging on behind. In his indignation he called the driver's attention to this, which led to his own eviction. The hanger-on proved to be no other than the hapless monarch, with whom Haggart subsequently broke a button. For a king, James Stewart, who disguised his royal person in corduroys, was, as Haggart allowed, very ill in order. The spite of the authorities had crushed that once proud spirit, and darkened his intellect, and he took his friend to a gambling-house, where he nodded to the proprietor.

"Whether they were in company, with designs on my buttons," Haggart has said, "I'm not in a position to say, but I bear no ill-will to them. They treated me most honorable. Ay, the king, as we may call him if we speak in a low voice, advises me strong to gamble a button at one go, for, says he, 'You're sure to win.' Lads, it's no for me to say a word against him, but I thocht I saw him wink to the proprietor lad, and so I says in a loud voice, says I, 'I'll gamble half-a-crown first, and if I win, then I'll put down a button.' The proprietor a sort of nods to the

king at that, and I plunks down my half-crown. Weel, lads, I won five shillings in a clink."

"Ay, but they were just waiting for your guinea."

"It may have been so, Andrew, but we have no proof of that; for, ye see, as soon as I got the five shillings and had buttoned it up in my pouch, I says, 'I'll be stepping hame now,' I says, and away I goes. Ye canna say but what they treated me honorable."

"They had looked thrawn?"

"Ou, they did; but a man's face is his own to twist it as he pleases."

"And ye never saw the king again?"

"Ay, I met him after that in a close. I gave the aristocratic crittur saxpence."

"I'll tell ye what, Tammas Haggart: if he was proclaimed king, he would very likely send for ye to the palace and make ye a knight."

"Man, Snecky, I put him through his catechism on that very subject, but he had no hope. Ye canna think how complete despondent he was."

"Ye're sure he was a genuine Pretender?"

"Na faags! But when ye're traveling it doesna do to let on what ye think, and I own it's a kind of satisfaction to me now to picture mysel' diddling a king out of five shillings."

"It's a satisfaction to everybody in Thrums, Tammas, and more particular to Tillyloss."

"Ay, Tilly has the credit of it in a manner of speaking. And it was just touch and go that I didna do a thing with the siller as would have

commemorated that adventure among future ages."

"Ay, man?"

"I had the notion to get bawbees for the money, namely, one hundred and thirty-twa bawbees, for of course I didna count the saxpence. Well, what was I to do with them?"

"Put the whole lot in the kirk-plate the first Sabbath day after ye came back to Thrums?"

"Na, na. My idea was to present a bawbee to a hundred and thirty-twa folk in Thrums, so as they could keep it round their necks or in a drawer as a memento of one of their humble fellow-towns men."

"No humble, surely?"

"Maybe no, but when ye do a thing in a big public way it's the proper custom to speak of yersel' as a puir crittur, and leave the other speakers to tell the truth about ye."

"It's a pity ye didna carry out that notion."

"Na, it's no, for I had a better ane after, the which I did carry out."

"Yea?"

"Ay, I bocht a broach to Chirsty with the siller."

"Ho, ho, that's whaur she got the broach?"

"It is so, and though I dinna want to boast, nobody having less need to do so, I can tell ye it was the biggest broach in Edinburgh at the price."

Edinburgh was only a corner in Haggart's field of corn, and from it I have not pulled half-a-dozen stalks. He was in various other great centers of

adventure, and even in wandering between them he had experiences such as would have been a load for any ordinary man's back. Once he turned showman, when the actors were paid in the pennies flung at them by admirers in the audience. Haggart made for himself a long blood-red nose, which proved such an irresisitible target for moneyed sportsmen that the other players complained to the management. He sailed up canals swarming with monsters of the deep. He proved such an agreeable companion at farms that sometimes he had to escape in the night. He rescued a child from drowning and cowed a tiger by the power of the human eye, exactly as these things are done in a book which belonged to Chirsty. He had eleven guineas with him when he set out, and without a note-book he could tell how every penny of the money was spent. Prices, indeed, he remembered better than anything.

I might as well attempt to walk up the wall of a house as to cut my way through Haggart's cornfield. Before arriving at the field I thought to get through it by taking the buttons one by one, but here I am at the end of a chapter, and scarcely any of the corn is behind me. I now see that no biographer will ever be able to treat Haggart on the grand scale he demands; for humility will force those who knew him in his prime to draw back scared from the attempt, while younger admirers have not the shadow of his personality to warn them of their responsibility. For my own part, I publicly back out of the field, and sit

down on the doctor's dyke awaiting Haggart's return to Thrums.

Chapter V

The Return of Haggart

Haggart came home on a Saturday evening, when the water-barrels were running over, and our muddy roads had lost their grip. But at all times he took small note of the weather, and often said it was a fine day out of politeness to the acquaintances he met casually, when Tillyloss dripped in rain. To a man who has his loom for master it only occurs as an afterthought to look out at the window.

His shortest and natural route would have taken the wanderer to Tillyloss without zigzagging him through the rest of Thrums, but he made a circuit of the town, and came marching down the Roods.

"I wanted to burst upon the place sudden like," he admitted, "and to let everybody see me. I dinna deny but what it was a proud moment, lads, as Thrums came in sicht. I had naturally a sort of contempt for the placey, and yet I was fell awid to be back in it, too, just as a body is glad to slip into his bed at nicht. Ay, foreign parts is grand for adventure, but Thrums for company."

At the top of the Roods he was recognized by two boys who had been to a farm for milk, and were playing at swinging their flagon over their heads without dropping its contents. The apparition stayed the flagon in the air, and the boys clat-

tered off screaming. Their father had subsequently high words with Tammas, who refused to refund the price of the milk.

"Though my expectations was high," Haggart said, "they were completely beaten by the reality. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the sensation I created, not only among laddies and lassies but among grown men and women. Very weel I ken that Dan'l Strachen pretends he stood his ground when I came upon him at the mouth of Saunders Rae's close, but whaur was the honor in that, when the crittur was paralyzed with fear? Ay, he wasna the only man that lost his legs in the Roods that day; Will'um Crewe being another. Snecky Hobart, you was one of them as I walked into at Peter Lambie's shop door, and I'll never speak to ye again if ye dinna allow as I scattered ye like a showman in the square does when he passes round the hat."

"I allow, Tammas, as I made my feet my friend that nicht."

"And did I no send the women flying and skirling in all directions? Was it me or was it no me that made Mysy Dinnie faint on her back in the corner of the school-wynd?"

"It was you, Tammas, and michty boastful the crittur was when she came to, and heard she had fainted."

"And there's a curran women as says they hung out at their wondows looking at me. I would like to hear of one proved case in which ony woman did that except at a second-story window?

"Sal, they didna dare look out at low windows. Na, they were more like putting on their shutters.

"And did some of them no bar their doors, and am I lying when I say Lisbeth Whamand up with her bairn out of the cradle and ran to the door of the Auld Licht kirk, thinking I couldna harm her there?"

"You're speaking gospel, Tammas. And it wasna to be wondered at that we should be terrified, seeing we had buried ye five months before."

"I'm no saying it was unnatural. I would have been particular annoyed if ye had been so stupid as to stand your ground. And what's more, if I had met the Auld Licht minister he would have run like the rest."

But this oft-repeated assertion of Haggart's was usually received in silence. His extraordinary imagination enabled him to conceive this picture, but to such a height we never rose.

By the time Haggart reached the Tenements the town had sufficiently recovered to follow him at a distance. How he looked to the populace has been frequently discussed, Peter Lambie's description being regarded as the best.

"Them of you," Peter would say, drawn to the door of his shop by Haggart groups, "as has been to the Glen Quharity Hieland sports, can call to mind the competition for best-dressed Hielander. The Hielanders stands in their glory in a row, and the grand leddies picks out the best-dressed one. Weel, the competitors tries to look as if they didna ken they were being admired, implying as they're

indifferent to whether they get the prize or no, but, all the time, there's a sort of pleased smirk on their faces, mixed up with a natural anxiety. Ay, then, that's the look Tammas Haggart had when he passed my shop."

"But ye saw a change come ower him, did ye no?"

"I did. I was among them as ran after him along the Tenements, and, though I just saw his back, it wasna the back he had on when he passed my shop. I would say, judging from his back, as his chest was sticking out, and he walked with a sort of strut, like the Hielander as has won the prize and kens it would be haver to make pretence of modesty ony more."

"But ye never saw me look back, Peter," Haggart said, when Lambie's version was presented to him.

"Na, it was astonishing how ye could have kept frae turning your head. Ye was like one unaware that there was sich a crowd running after ye."

"Ay, lad, but very weel I kent for all that. Thinks I to mysel' as I walks on before ye—'This scene winna be forgotten for many a year.'"

"And it will not, Tammas. It did the work of the town for a nine days. Ay, I've often said myself that you walked hame that nicht more like a circus procession than a single man. The only thing I a kind of shake my head at is your saying ye wasna a humorist at that time."

"I didna just gang that length, Pete. I was a humorist and I wasna a humorist. My humor

was just peeping out of its hole like a rabbit, as ye micht say."

"Ye said as when ye started on your wanderings it was like putting yoursel', considered as a humorist, on the fire to boil. Weel, then, I say as ye had come aboil when ye marched through Thrums."

"Na, Lookaboutyou, it's an ingenious argument that; but ye've shot ower the top of the target, lad. Ye've all seen water so terrible near the boil that if ye touch it with your finger it does begin to boil?"

"Ay, that's true; but a spoon is better to touch it with, in case you burn your finger."

Lookaboutyou got a laugh for this, which annoyed Tammas.

"Take care, Lookaboutyou," he said, warningly, "or I'll let ye see as my humor can burn, too. I ken a sarcastic thing to say to ye, my man."

"But what about the water so near the boil?" asked Hobart, while Lookaboutyou shrunk back.

"My humor was in that condition," said Haggart, still eyeing the foolish farmer threateningly, "when I came back to Thrums. It just needed a touch to make it boil."

"And, sal, it got the touch!"

"Ay, I admit that; but no till the Monday."

We go back to the march from the Roods to Tillyloss. In less time than it would have taken Haggart to bring his sarcastic shaft from the depths where he stowed these things and fire it into Lookaboutyou, he had walked triumphantly to Tillyloss, and turned up the road that was presently to be named after him. His tail of

fellow-townsmen came to a stop at the pump, where they had a good view of Haggart's house, all but a few daring ones, nearly all women, who ran up the dyke, in hope of witnessing the meeting with Chirsty.

"I suppose, lads," Haggart said to us, "that ye're thinking my arrival at Tillyloss was the crowning moment of my glory?"

"It was bound to be."

"So ye think, Andrew; but that just shows how little ye ken about the human heart. I got as far as Tillyloss terribly windy at the way ye had honored me; but, lads, something came ower me at sicht of that auld outside stair. Ay, it had a michty hame-like look."

"I've heard tell ye stopped and gazed at it, like grand folk admiring the view."

"Ay, lathies, I daursay I did so; but it wasna the view I was thinking about. I'll warrant ye couldna say what was in my mind?"

"Your funeral?"

"I never gave it a thocht. Na, but I'll tell ye: I was thinking of Chirsty Todd."

"Ay, and the startle she was to get?"

"No, Snecky; it's an astonishing thing, but the moment my een saw that outside stair I completely lost heart, and frae being lifted up with pride, down goes my courage like a bucket in a well. Was it the stair as terrified me? Na, it was Chirsty Todd. Lads, I faced the whole drove of ye as bold as a king sitting down at the head of his tea table: but the thocht of Chirsty Todd

brocht my legs to a stop. Ay, for all we may say to the contrairy, is there a man in Thrums as hasna a kind of fear of his wife?"

At this question Haggart's listeners usually looked different ways.

"Lads," continued Tammas, "it ran through me suddenly, like a cold blast of wind—'What if Chirsty shouldna be glad to see me back?' and I regretted michty that I hadna halved the guineas with her. Ay, I tell ye openly, as I found mysel' getting smaller, like a gasball with a hole in it, and I a kind of lost sight of all I had to boast of. I was ashamed of mysel' and also in mortal terror of Chirsty Todd. Ay, but I never let her ken that: na, na; a man has to be wary about what he tells his wife."

"He has so, for she's sure to fling it at him by and by like a wet clout. Women has terrible memories for what ye blurt out to them."

"Ye're repeating my words, Rob, as if they were your own; but what ye say is true. Women doesna understand about men's minds being profounder than theirs, and consequently waur to manage."

"That's so, and it's a truth ye daurna mention to them. But ye was come to the outside stair, Tammas."

"Ay, I was. Lads, I climbed that stair all of a tremble, and my hand was shaking so muckle that for a minute I couldna turn the handle of the door."

"We saw as ye a sort of tottered."

"Ay, I was uneasy; and even when the door

opened I didna just venture inside. Na, I had a feeling as it was a judicious thing to keep a grip of the door. Weel, lathies, I stood there keeking in, and what does I see but Chirsty Todd sitting into the fire, with my auld pipe in her mouth. Ay, there she sat blasting."

"How did that affect ye, Tammas?"

"How did it affect me? It angered me most michty to see her enjoying hersel', and me thocht to be no more."

"'Ye heartless limmer,' I says to mysel', and that reminds me as a man is master in his own house, so I bangs the door to and walks in."

"Wha spoke first?"

"Oh, I spoke first. I spoke just as her een lichted on me."

"Ye had said a memorable thing?"

"I canna say I did. No, Pete. I just gave her a sly kind of look, and I says, 'Ay, Chirsty.'"

"She screamed, they say?"

"She did so, and the pipe fell from her mouth. Ay, it's a gratification to me to ken that she did scream."

"And what happened next?"

"She spyed at me suspiciously; and says she, 'Tammas Haggart, are you in the flesh?' to which I replies, 'I am so, Chirsty.' 'Then,' cries she sharply, 'take your dirty feet off my clean floor!'"

"And did ye?"

"Ay, I put them on the fender; and she cries, 'Take your dirty feet off the fender.'

"Lads, I thocht it was best to sing small, so I

took off my boots, and she sat glowering at me, but never speaking. 'Ay, Chirsty,' I says, 'ye've had rain I'm thinking'; and she says, 'The rain's neither here nor there; the question is, How did you break out?' Ay, the crittur thocht I had broken out of my grave."

"We all thocht that."

"Nat'rally ye did. Weel, I began my story at the beginning, but with the impatience of a woman she aye said, 'I dinna want to hear that, I want to ken how you broke out!'"

"But she wanted to hear about the siller in the buttons?"

"Ay, but I tried to slither ower the buttons, fearing she would be mad at me for spending them. And, losh, mad she was! I explained to her as I put them to good use by improving my mind, but she says, 'Dinna blather about your mind to me, or I'll take the poker to ye!' Chirsty was always fond of language."

"But what about the Well-wisher?"

"Oh, that was a queery, I says to Chirsty, 'I did not forget your sufferings, Chirsty, for I'm the Well-wisher.' At first she didna understand, but then she minds and says, 'It was you as sent that bit cheese with D. Fittis, was it?' Lads, then it came out as the cheese was standing in the press untouched. Ay, I tore it in twa with my hands, and out rolls the guinea. She had never dreamed of there being siller in the cheese."

"Na, she was terrified to touch the cheese. I mind when I could have bocht it frae her for twa

or three bawbees. Ay, what chances a body misses. But she had been pleasanter with ye after she got the guinea?"

"I can hardly say that. She nipped it up quick, and tells me to go on with my story. Well, I did so in a leisurely way, her aye nagging at me to come to the quarry, as I soon had to do. I need scarce tell ye she was michty surprised it wasna me ye buried, but, after that was cleared up, I saw her mind wasna on what I was saying to her. No, lads, I was the length of Dundee in my story when she jumps up, and away she goes to the lowest shelf in the dresser. I stopped in my talk and watched her. She pulls out the iron and lays it on the table, then she shoves a heater into the fire, and brings an auld dicky out of a drawer. Lads, I had a presentiment what she was after."

"'What are ye doing, Chirsty?" I says with misgivings.

"'I'm to iron a dicky for ye to wear to-morrow,' she cries, and she kicks my foot off the fender.

"'I'm no going to the kirk,' I warns her.

"'Are ye no?' says she; 'ye gang twice, Tammas Haggart, though the Auld Licht minister has to drive ye to the door with a stick.'

"Ay, when I heard she had joined the Auld Lichts I kent I was done with lazy Sabbaths. Weel, she ironed away at that dicky with tremendous energy, and then all at once she lays down the iron and she cries,

"'Keeps us all, I had forgotten!' She was the picture of woe.

"'What's the matter, Chirsty?' I says.

"She stood there wringing her hands.

"'Ye canna gang to the kirk,' she moans, 'for ye have no clothes.'

"'No clothes!' I cries. 'I have my blacks.'

"'They're gone,' she says.

"'Gone, ye limmer!' I says, 'wha has them?'

"'Davit Whamand,' she says, 'has the coat, and Hender Haggart the waistcoat and the hat.'

"Ay, lads, I can tell ye this composedly now, but I was fuming at the time. Chirsty's passion for genteelity was such that she had imitated grand folk's customs and given away the clothes as had been worn by the corpse."

"That came of taking a wife frae Balribbie."

"Ay, and it's not the only proof of Chirsty's vanity, for, as ye all ken, she continued to wear her crape to the kirk long after I came back."

"Because she thocht it set her?"

"Ou, rather, just because she had it. But it was aggravating to me to have to walk with her to the kirk, and her in widow's crapes. It would have provoked an ordinary man to the drink."

"It would so, but what said ye when ye heard the blacks was gone?"

"Said? It wasn't a time for saying. I shoved my feet into my boots and flung on my bonnet, and hurries to the door.

"'Whaur are ye going?' cries Chirsty.

"'To demand back my blacks,' I says, dashing open the door with my fist. Ye may mind there

was some of ye keeking in at the door and the window, trying to hearken to the conversation."

"Ay, and we flew frae ye as if ye was the Riot Act. But we was thinking by that time as ye micht be a sort of living."

"Maybe, but I wasna thinking about you. Na, it was the blacks as was on my mind, and away I goes."

"Ye ran."

"Yes, I ran straight to the Tenements to Davit Whamand's house. Lads, I said the pot was very near the boil when I marched down the Roods, but my humor was getting cold again. Ay, Chirsty Todd had suddenly lifted the pot off the fire."

Chapter VI

In Which a Birth Is Recorded

"Davit's collie barked at me," Haggart continued, "when it heard me lifting the sneck of the door, but I cowed it with a stern look, and stepped inside. The wife was away cracking about me to Lizzie Linn, but there was Davit himsel' with a bantam cock on his knee, the which was ailing, and he was forcing a little butter into its nib. He let the beast fall when he saw me, and I was angered to notice as he had been occupied with a bantam when he should have been discussing me with consternation."

"It was the greater surprise to him when in ye marched."

"Ay, but my desire to be thocht a ghost had

gone, and I says at once, 'Dinna stand trembling there, Davit Whamand,' I says, 'for I'm in the flesh, and so you'll please hand ower my black coat!' He hardly believed I was human at first, but at the mention of the coat he grows stiff and hard, and says he, 'What black coat?'

"'Deception will not avail ye, Davit Whamand,' says I, 'for Chirsty has confessed all.'

"'The coat's mine,' says Davit, glowering.

"'I want that coat direct,' I says.

"'Think shame o' yoursel',' says he, 'and you a corpse this half year.'

"The crittur tried to speak like a minister, but I waved away his argument with my hand.

"'Back to the cemetery, ye shameless corp,' says he, 'and I'll mention this to nobody; but if ye dinna gang peaceably we'll call out the constables.'

"'Dinna haver, Davit Whamand,' I retorts, 'for ye ken fine I'm in the flesh, and if ye dinna produce my coat immediately I'll take the law of ye.'

"'Will ye?' he sneers; 'and what micht ye call yoursel'?'

"'I'll call mysel' by my own name, namely, Tammas Haggart,' I thunders.

"'Yea, yea,' says he; 'I'm thinking a corp hands on his name to his auldest son, and Tammas Haggart being dead without a son that name becomes extinct.'

"Lads, that did stagger me a minute, but then I minds I'm living, and I cries, 'Ye sly crittur, I'm no dead.'

"'Are ye not?' says he; 'I think ye are.'

"'Do I look dead?' I argues.

"'Look counts for nothing before a bailie,' says he, 'and if ye annoy me I'll bring witnesses to prove you're dead. Yes, I'll produce the widow in her crapes, and them as coffined ye.'

"'Ay,' I cries, 'but I'll produce mysel".

"'The waur for you,' says he, 'for if ye try to overthrow the law we'll bury ye again, though it should be at the public expense.'

"Lads, that made me uneasy, and all I could think to do was just to fling out my foot at the bantam.

"'Ye daur look me in the face, Davit Whamand,' I says, 'and pretend as I'm no mysel'?'

"'I daur do so,' he says; 'and not on'y are ye no yersel', but I would never have recognized ye for such.'

"'So, so,' I remarks; 'and ye refuse to deliver up my coat?'

"'Yes,' he says, 'and what's more I never had your coat.'

"Lads, that was his cautiousness in case twa lines of defense was needed before the bailie; but I said no more to him, for now the house began to fill with folk wanting to make sure of me, and I was keen to convince them I was in the flesh before Davit prejudiced them. Ay, Robbie, you was one of them as convoyed me to Hender Haggart's."

"I was, Tammas, and when ye shut the door

on me a mask of folk came round me to hear how ye had broke out."

"I daursay that, but their curiosity didna interest me now. Ye mind when we got to Hender's house it was black and dark, him pretending to be away to his bed? Ay, but the smell of roasting potatoes belied that. As we ken now, Hender had been warned that I was at Davit's demanding back the coat, and he suspected I would come next to him for the waistcoat and the hat."

"Ay, but he had to let ye in."

"Ou, I would have broken in the door rather than have been beat, and in the tail of the day Hender takes the snib off the door."

"He pretended he thocht ye a ghost, too, did he no?"

"No, no, that's a made-up story. Hender and his wife had agreed to pretend that, but when Hender came to the door he became stupid-like, and when I says, 'Ay, Hender,' he says 'Ay, Tammas.' I've heard his wife raged at him about it after.

"'Nanny,' I says to the wife, 'it's me back again, and ye'll oblige by handing ower my waistcoat and my hat.'

"I've forgotten to tell ye that when I walked in, Nanny was standing on a stool with a poker in her hand, the which she was using to shove something on the top of the press out of sicht. She jumped down hurriedly, but looking bold, and says she, 'These mice is very troublesome.'

"Weel, I had a presentiment, and I says, 'Give me the poker, Nanny, and I'll get at the mice!' Says she, 'Na, na'; and she lifts away the stool.

"All this time Hender had been looking very melancholy, but despite that, he was glad to see me back, and he says in a sentimental way, 'You're a stranger, Tammas,' says he.

"'I am, Hender,' says I, 'and I want my waistcoat, also my hat.'

"Hender gave a confused look to the wife, and says she, 'The waistcoat has been sold for rags, and I gave the hat to tinklers.'

"'Hender Haggart,' says I, 'is this so?'

"Hender a sort of winked, meaning that we could talk the thing over when Nanny wasna there, but I couldna wait.

"'I think, Nanny,' says I, pointedly, 'as I'll take a look at these mice of yours.'

"'Ye'll do no sich things,' says she.

"'I'm thinking,' says I, 'as I'll find a black waistcoat on the top of that press, and likewise a Sabbath hat.'

"Hender couldna help giving me an admiring look for my quickness, but Nanny put her back to the press, and says she, 'Hender, am I to be insulted before your face?'

"Hender was perplexed, but he says to me, 'Ye hear what Nanny says, Tammas?'

"'Ay,' I says, 'I hear her.'

"'He hears ye, Nanny,' says Hender.

"'But I want my lawful possessions,' I cries.

"Hender hesitated again, but Nanny repeats, 'Hender, am I to be insulted before your face?'

"'Dinna insult her before my face,' Hender whispers to me.

"'I offer no insult,' I says, loud out, 'but I've come for my waistcoat and my hat, and I dinna budge till I get them.'

"'Ye've a weary time before ye, then,' says Nanny.

"'I wonder ye wouldna be ashamed to keep a man frae his belongings,' I said.

"'Tell him they're yours, Hender,' she cries.

"'Ye see, Tammas,' says Hender, 'she says they're mine.'

"'Ay,' I says, 'but ye canna pretend they're yours yoursel', Hender?'

"'Most certainly ye can, Hender,' says Nanny.

"'Ye see that, Tammas,' says Hender, triumphant.

"'And how do ye make out as they are yours?' I asks him.

"'Tell him,' cries Nanny, 'as ye got them for helping in his burial.'

"'Tammas,' says Hender, 'that's how I got them.'

"'Maybe,' I says, 'but did I give ye them?'

"'Say he was a corp,' Nanny cries.

"'Meaning no disrespect, Tammas,' says Hender, 'ye was a corp.'

"'How could I have been a corp,' I argues, 'when here I am speaking to ye?'

"Hender turned to Nanny for the answer to

this, but she showed him her back, so he just said in a weak way, 'We'll leave the minister to settle that.'

"'Hender, ye gowk,' I says, 'ye ken I'm living; and if I'm living I'm no dead.'

"Lads, I regretted I hadna put it plain like that to Davit Whamand. However, Hender hadna the clear-headedness necessary to follow out sich reasoning, and he replies,

"'No doubt,' he says, 'ye are living in a sense, but no in another sense.'

"'I wasna the corp,' I cried.

"'Weel, weel, Tammas,' says he, in a fell dignified voice, 'we needna quarrel on a matter of opinion.'

"I was just beginning to say as it was more likely to be the waistcoat we would fall out about, when in walks Chirsty in the most flurried way.

"'Tammas Haggart,' she pants, 'come hame this instant; the minister's waiting for ye.'

"'Which minister?' I asks.

"'None other,' she says, looking proudly at Nancy, 'than the Auld Licht minister.'

"Lads, I shook in my boots at that, and I says, 'I winna come till I've got my hat and my waistcoat.'

"'What,' screams Chirsty, 'ye daur to keep the minister waiting!' and she shoved me clean out of the house."

What the minister said to Haggart is not known, for Tammas never divulged the conversation. Those who remained on the watch said that the

minister looked very stern when walking back to the manse, and that Chirsty found her husband tractable for the rest of the evening. The most we ever got out of Tammas on the subject was that though he had met many terrifying folk in his wanderings, they were a herd of sheep compared to the minister. He had sometimes to be enticed out of the reverie into which thought of the minister plunged him.

"So it was next day ye dandered up to the grave?" we would say craftily, though well aware that he did not leave the house till Monday.

"Na, na, not on the Sabbath day. When I wakened in the morning I admit I was terribly anxious to see the grave, as was natural, but thocht of the minister cowed me. I would have ventured as far as the grave if I had been able to persuade mysel' I wasna going for pleasure, but pleasure it was, lads. Ay, there was no denying that."

"Chirsty was at the kirk?"

"She was so, and in her widow's crapes. I watched her frae the window. Ay, it's no everybody as has watched his own widow."

"Na, and it had been an impressive spectacle. How would ye say she looked, Tammas?"

"She looked proud, Robbie."

"She would; but what would ye say she was proud of?"

"Ah, Robbie, there you beat me. But I can tell ye what she was proud of on the Monday."

"What?"

"Before porridge-time no less than seven women.

namely, three frae Tillyloss, twa frae the Tenements, and twa frae the Roods, chaps at the door and invites her to a dish of tea. That's what she was proud of, and I would like to hear of any other woman in this town, single or married or a widow, as has had seven invitations to her tea in one day."

"The thing's unparalleled; but of course it was to hear about you that they speired her?"

"Oh, of course, and also to get out of her what the minister said to me. Ay, but can ony of ye tell me what's the memorablist thing about these invitations?"

"I dinna say I can, but it's something about the grave."

"It's this, Snecky, that before Chirsty had made up her mind whether to risk seven teas in one day, I had become a humorist for life."

"Man, man, oh, losh!"

"Ay, and it's perfectly appalling to consider as she was so excited about her invitations that when I came down frae the cemetery she never looked me in the face, and I had to say to her, 'Chirsty Todd, do ye no see as something has come ower me?' At that she says, 'I notice you're making queer faces, but I dinna ken what they mean.' 'They mean, Chirsty Todd,' says I, 'as I am now a humorist,' to which she replies, 'Pick up that dish-clout.'"

"Keep us all! But oh, man, a woman's mind doesna easily rise to the sublime."

"It doesna, Pete, and I'll tell ye the reason; it's

because of women, that is to say, richt-minded women, all having sich an adoration for ministers."

"I dinna contradict ye, Tammas, but surely that's a fearsome statement. Is ministers not nearer the sublime than other folk?"

"They are, they are, and that's just it. Ministers, ye may say, is always half road up to the sublime. Weel, what's the result? Women raises their een to gaze upon the sublime, when they catch sicht of the minister, and canna look ony higher."

"Sal, Tammas, you've solved it! But I warrant ye couldna have said that till ye became a humorist?"

"No more than you could have said it yersel', Robbie."

"Na, I dinna pretend I could have said it, and even though I was to gang hame now and say it in your very words, it wouldna have the same show as when you say it."

"It would not, for ye would just blurt it out, but them as watches me saying a humorous thing notices the mental struggle before the words comes up. Ay, the mental struggle's like the servant in grand houses as puts his head in at the door and cries, 'Leddies and gentlemen, take your seats, for the dinner is all but ready.'"

Early on Monday morning Haggart, the non-humorist, woke for the last time. The day was moderately fine, but gave no indication that anything remarkable was about to happen. Look-aboutyou, it is true, says that he noticed a queer

stillness in the air, and Snecky Hobart spoke of an unusually restless night. It is believed by some that the cocks of Tillyloss did not crow that morning. But none of these phenomena were noticed until it became natural to search the memory for them, and Haggart himself always said that it was a common day. The fact, I suppose, is that an uncommon day was not needed, for here was Haggart and there was the cemetery. Nature never wastes her materials.

Haggart was elated no doubt, but so would any man have been in the circumstances. For the last time Haggart, the non-humorist, put off cleaning his boots for another day. For the last time he combed his hair without studying the effect in the piece of glass that was glued to the wall. Never again would the Haggart who briskly descended his outside stair, forgetting to shut the door, enter that room in which Chirsty was already baking bannocks. It was a new Haggart who would return presently, Haggart of Haggart's Roady, Haggart of Thrums, in short, Haggart the humorist.

The last person to speak to Haggart, the non-humorist, was James Spens, the last to see him was Sanders Landels. Jamie met him at the foot of Tillyloss, and Sanders passed him on the burying-ground brae. Both were ordinary persons, and they never distinguished themselves again.

It was not his grave that made Haggart a humorist, but the gravestone. Two years earlier he had erected a tombstone to the memory of his

relatives, but it had never struck him that he would some day be able to read his own fate on it. The grave is to the right of the entrance to the cemetery, almost exactly under the favorite seat known as the Bower, and being at the bend of the path it comes suddenly into view. Haggart walked eagerly along the path, an ordinary man upon the whole; then all at once. . . . He looked . . . He looked again. This is what he read:

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED BY
THOMAS HAGGART
TO THE MEMORY OF PETER HAGGART,
FATHER OF THE SAID THOMAS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, JAN. 7, 1825.
ALSO HERE LIES JEAN LINN, OR HAGGART,
MOTHER OF THE SAID THOMAS,
DIED 1828.
ALSO JEAN HAGGART,
SISTER OF THE SAID THOMAS,
DIED 1829.
ALSO ANDREW HAGGART,
BROTHER OF THE SAID THOMAS,
DIED 1831.
ALSO THE SAID THOMAS HIMSELF,
DIED 1834.

Haggart sat down on the grave. In Thrums common folk were doing common things—weaving, feeding the hens, supping porridge, carting peats.

Haggart sat on the grave. In Thrums they were thinking of their webs, of their dinner, of well-scrubbed floors, of their love affairs.

But Haggart sat on the grave, and a pot began to boil. He has told us what happened. Down in his inside something was roaring, and every moment the noise increased. He breathed with difficulty. He was as a barrel swelling but held in by hoops of iron. He rose to his feet, for his tongue was hot and there was a hissing in his throat, and the iron hoops pressed more and more tightly. Suddenly the hissing ceased, and he stood as still as salt. The roaring far down died away. All at once he was tilted to the side, the hoops burst, and he began to laugh. The pot was boiling. Haggart was a humorist.

As soon as he realized what had happened Haggart returned to Tillyloss. The first to see him was Tibbie Robbie, the first to speak to him was William Lamb, the first to notice the change was Snecky Hobart.

I only undertook to tell how Haggart became a humorist, and here therefore my story ends. I have shown how a lamp was lit in Thrums, but not how it burned. Perhaps if I followed Haggart to his end, as I should like to do, to the time when the lamp flickered and a room in the Tenements grew dark, some who have smiled at an old man's tale would leave a tear behind them to a weaver's memory.

"Na," Haggart often said, "we winna touch the gravestone. It'll come in handy some day."

His humor, appetizing from the first, ripened with the years. For a time this was his comment on the tombstone:—

"Lads, lads, what a do we're preparing for posterity."

Later in his life he said,

"It's almost cruel to cheat future generations in this way."

His hair was white before he said,

"I dinna ken but what I should do the honest thing, and have the date rubbed out."

And when there was a squeal in his voice, he could add,

"No that it much matters."

JAMES M. BARRIE.

OCTOBER 25

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

READER, thou hast here an honest book; it doth at the outset forewarn thee that, in contriving the same, I have proposed to myself no other than a domestic and private end: I have had no consideration at all either to thy service or to my glory. My powers are not capable of any such design. I have dedicated it to the particular commodity of my kinsfolk and friends, so that, having lost me (which they must do shortly), they may therein recover some traits of my conditions and humors, and by that means preserve more whole, and more life-like, the knowledge they had of me. Had my intention been to seek the world's favor, I should surely have adorned myself with borrowed beauties: I desire therein to be viewed as I appear in mine own genuine, simple, and ordinary manner, without study and artifice: for it is myself I paint. My defects are therein to be read to the life, and my imperfections and my natural form, so far as public reverence hath permitted me. If I had lived among those nations which (they say) yet dwell under the sweet liberty of nature's primitive laws, I assure thee I would most willingly have painted myself quite fully and quite naked. Thus, reader, myself am the matter

of my book: there's no reason thou shouldst employ thy leisure about so frivolous and vain a subject.

OF THE INEQUALITY AMONG US

PLUTARCH says somewhere[1] that he does not find so great a difference between beast and beast as he does between man and man; which he says in reference to the internal qualities and perfections of the soul. And, in truth I find so vast a distance between Epaminondas, according to my judgment of him, and some that I know, who are yet men and say that there is more difference between such and such a man than there is between such a man and such a beast:

"Hem! vir viro quid præstat!"[2]

and that there are as many and innumerable degrees of minds as there are cubits between this and heaven. But as touching the estimate of men, 'tis strange that, ourselves excepted, no other creature is esteemed beyond its proper qualities; we commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot,

"Volucrem
Sic laudamus equum facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, et exsultat rauco victoria circo,"[3]

[1] In the essay, The Brute Creation Exercises Reason.

[2] "Ah! how much may one man surpass another!"—TERENCE, *Eunuchus*, ii. 3, 1.

[3] "So we praise the swift horse, for whom many an applauding hand glows, and victory exults among the hoarse shouts of the circus."—JUVENAL, viii. 57.

and not for his rich caparison; a greyhound for his speed of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year: all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a pig in a poke: if you cheapen a horse,[1] you will see him stripped of his housing-cloths, you will see him naked and open to your eye; or if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to present them to princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important parts, that you may not so much consider the beauty of his color or the breadth of his crupper, as principally to examine his legs, eyes, and feet, which are the members of greatest use:

"Regibus hic mos est: ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Inspiciunt; ne, si facies, ut sæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix:"[2]

why, in giving your estimate of a man, do you prize him wrapped and muffled up in clothes? He then discovers nothing to you but such parts as are not in the least his own, and conceals those by which alone one may rightly judge of his value. 'Tis the

[1]Seneca, Ep., 80.

[2]"When kings and great folks buy horses, as 'tis the custom, in their housings, they take care to inspect very closely, lest a short head, a high crest, a broad haunch, and ample chest stand upon an old beaten hoof, to gull the buyer."—HORACE, *Sat.*, i. 2, 86.

price of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard: you would not peradventure bid a farthing for him, if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears; and, as one of the ancients very pleasantly said: "Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the height of his pattens."[1] The pedestal is no part of the statue. Measure him without his stilts; let him lay aside his revenues and his titles, let him present himself in his shirt. Then examine if his body be sound and sprightly, active and disposed to perform its functions. What soul has he? Is she beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her faculties? Is she rich of what is her own or of what she has borrowed? Has fortune no hand in the affair? Can she, without winking, stand the lightning of swords? is she indifferent whether her life expire by the mouth or through the throat? Is she settled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences between man and man. Is he

"Sapiens, sibique imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna?"[2]

[1] Seneca, Ep., 76.

[2] "The wise man, who has command over himself: whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright; who has the strength and courage to restrain his appetites and to contemn

such a man is five hundred cubits above kingdoms and duchies; he is an absolute monarch in and to himself.

"*Sapiens, . . . Pol! ipse fingit fortunam sibi;*"[1]

what remains for him to covet or desire?

"*Nonne videmus,*
Nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi ut, quoi
Corpore sejunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur,
Jucundo sensu, cura semotu' metuque?"[2]

Compare with such a one the common rabble of mankind, stupid and mean-spirited, servile, instable, and continually floating with the tempest of various passions, that tosses and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater distance than between heaven and earth; and yet the blindness of common usage, is such that we make little or no account of it; whereas, if we consider a peasant and a king, a nobleman and a vassal, a magistrate and a private man, a rich man and a poor, there appears a vast disparity, though they differ no more, as a man may say, than in their breeches.

In Thrace the king was distinguished from his people after a very pleasant and especial manner;

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honors; who has his all within himself; a mind well turned and even balanced, like a smooth and perfect ball, which nothing external can stop in its course; whom fortune assails in vain."—HORACE, *Sat.*, ii. 7, 83.

[1] "The wise man is the master of his own fortune."—PLAUTUS, *Trin.*, ii. 2, 84.

[2] "Do we not see that man's nature asks no more than that, free from bodily pain, he may exercise his mind agreeably, exempt from fear and anxiety?"—LUCRETIUS, ii. 16.

he had a religion by himself, a god all his own, and which his subjects were not to presume to adore, which was Mercury, while, on the other hand, he disdained to have anything to do with theirs, Mars, Bacchus, and Diana. And yet they are no other than pictures that make no essential dissimilitude; for as you see actors in a play representing the person of a duke or an emperor upon the stage, and immediately after return to their true and original condition of valets and porters, so the emperor, whose pomp and luster so dazzle you in public,

> *"Scilicet et grandes viridi cum luce smaragdi*
> *Auro includuntur, teriturque thalassina vestis*
> *Assidue, et Veneris sudorem exercita potat;"*[1]

do but peep behind the curtain, and you will see nothing more than ordinary man, and peradventure more contemptible than the meanest of his subjects: *"ille beatus introrsum est, istius bracteata felicitas est;"*[2] cowardice, irresolution, ambition, spite, and envy agitate him as much as another.

> *"Non enim gazæ, neque consularis,*
> *Summovet lictor miseros tumultus*
> *Mentis, et curas laqueata circum*
> *Tecta volantes."*[3]

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[1] "Because he wears great emeralds richly set in gold, darting green luster; and the sea-blue silken robe, worn with pressure, and moist with illicit love."—LUCRETIUS, iv. 1123.

[2] "True happiness lies within, the other is but a counterfeit felicity."—SENECA, *Ep.*, 115.

[3] "For not treasures, nor the consular lictor, can remove the miserable tumults of the mind, nor cares that fly about gilded ceilings."—HORACE, *Od.*, ii. 16, 9.

Care and fear attack him even in the center of his battalions.

"Re veraque metus hominum, curæque sequaces
Nec metuunt sonitus armorum, nec fera tela;
Audacterque inter reges, rerumque potentes
Versantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro."[1]

Do fevers, gout, and apoplexies spare him any more than one of us? When old age hangs heavy upon his shoulders, can the yeomen of his guard ease him of the burden? When he is astounded with the apprehension of death, can the gentlemen of his bedchamber comfort and assure him? When jealousy or any other caprice swings in his brain, can our compliments and ceremonies restore him to his good-humor? The canopy embroidered with pearl and gold he lies under has no virtue against a violent fit of the colic.

"Nec calidæ citius decedunt corpore febres
Textilibus si in picturis, ostroque rubenti
Jactaris, quam si plebeia in veste cubandum est."[2]

The flatterers of Alexander the Great possessed him that he was the son of Jupiter; but being one day wounded, and observing the blood stream from his wound: "What say you now, my masters," said he, "is not this blood of a crimson color

[1] "The fears and pursuing cares of men fear not the clash of arms nor points of darts, and mingle boldly with great kings and potentates, and respect not their purple and glittering gold."—LUCRETIUS, ii. 47.

[2] "Fevers quit a man no sooner because he is stretched on a couch of rich tapestry than if he be in a coarse blanket." —*Idem*, ii. 34.

and purely human? This is not of the complexion of that which Homer makes to issue from the wounded gods."[1] The poet Hermodorus had written a poem in honor of Antigonus, wherein he called him the son of the sun: "He who has the emptying of my close-stool," said Antigonus, "knows to the contrary."[2] He is but a man at best, and if he be deformed or ill qualified from his birth, the empire of the universe cannot set him to rights;

"Puellæ
Hunc rapiant; quidquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat,"[3]

what of all that, if he be a fool? Even pleasure and good fortune are not relished without vigor and understanding.

"Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet:
Qui uti scit, ei bona; illi qui non utitur recte, mala."[4]

Whatever the benefits of fortune are, they yet require a palate fit to relish them. 'Tis fruition, and not possession that renders us happy.

"Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus, et auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,
Qui comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti:

[1] Plutarch, Apothegms, art. Alexander.

[2] *Idem, ibid.*, art. Antigonus.

[3] "What though girls carry him off; though, wherever he steps, there spring up a rose?"—PERSIUS, *Sat.*, ii. 38.

[4] "Things are, as are the souls of their possessors; good, if well used; ill, if abused."—TERENCE, *Heart.* 3, 21.

Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram."[1]

He is a sot, his taste is palled and flat; he no more enjoys what he has than one that has a cold relishes the flavor of canary, or than a horse is sensible of his rich caparison. Plato is in the right when he tells us that health, beauty, vigor, and riches, and all the other things called goods, are equally evil to the unjust as good to the just, and the evil on the contrary the same. And therefore where the body and the mind are in disorder, to what use serve these external conveniences; considering that the least prick with a pin, or the least passion of the soul, is sufficient to deprive one of the pleasure of being sole monarch of the world. At the first twitch of the gout it signifies much to be called sir and your majesty,

"Totus et argento conflatus, totus et auro";[2]

does he not forget his palaces and grandeurs? If he be angry, can his being a prince keep him from looking red and looking pale, and grinding his teeth like a madman? Now, if he be a man of parts and of right nature, royalty adds very little to his happiness;

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[1] "'Tis not lands, or heaps of gold and silver, that can banish fevers from the body of the sick owner, or cares from his mind. The possessor must be sound and healthy, if he would have the true realization of his wealth. To him who is covetous, or timorous, his house and land are as a picture to a blind man, or a fomentation to a gouty man."—HORACE, *Ep.*, i. 2, 47.

[2] "A mass of gold and silver."—TIBULLUS, i. 2, 70.

"Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pudibusque tuis, nil Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus;"[1]

he discerns 'tis nothing but counterfeit and gullery. Nay, perhaps he would be of King Seleucus' opinion, that he who knew the weight of a scepter would not stoop to pick it up, if he saw it lying before him, so great and painful are the duties incumbent upon a good king.[2] Assuredly it can be no easy task to rule others, when we find it so hard a matter to govern ourselves; and as to dominion, that seems so charming, the frailty of human judgment and the difficulty of choice in things that are new and doubtful considered, I am very much of opinion that it is far more easy and pleasant to follow than to lead; and that it is a great settlement and satisfaction of mind to have only one path to walk in, and to have none to answer for but a man's self;

> *"Ut satius multo jam sit parere quietum. Quam regere imperio res velle."*[3]

To which we may add that saying of Cyrus, that no man was fit to rule but he who in his own worth was of greater value than those he was to govern; but King Hiero in Xenophon says further, that in

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[1] "If your stomach is sound, your lungs and feet in good order, you need no regal riches to make you happy."—HORACE, *Ep.* i. 12, 5.

[2] Plutarch, If a Sage should meddle with Affairs of State, c. 12.

[3] "'Tis much better calmly to obey than wish to rule."—LUCRETIUS, v. 1126.

the fruition even of pleasure itself they are in a worse condition than private men; forasmuch as the opportunities and facility they have of commanding those things at will takes off from the delight that ordinary folks enjoy.

"*Pinguis amor, nimiumque patens, in tædia nobis*
Vertitur, et, stomacho dulcis ut esca, nocet."[1]

Can we think that the singing boys of the choir take any great delight in music? the satiety rather renders it troublesome and tedious to them. Feasts, balls, masquerades, and tiltings delight such as but rarely see, and desire to see them; but having been frequently at such entertainments, the relish of them grows flat and insipid. Nor do women so much delight those who make a common practice of the sport. He who will not give himself leisure to be thirsty can never find the true pleasure of drinking. Farces and tumbling tricks are pleasant to the spectators, but a wearisome toil to those by whom they are performed. And that this is so, we see that princes divert themselves sometimes in disguising their quality, awhile to depose themselves, and to stoop to the poor and ordinary way of living of the meanest of their people.

"*Plerumque gratæ principibus vices,*
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum.

[1] "Love that is listless and too facile becomes wearisome, as insipid meats are nauseous to the stomach."—OVID, *Amor.*, ii. 19, 25.

Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem."[1]

Nothing is so distasteful and clogging as abundance. What appetite would not be baffled to see three hundred women at its mercy, as the grand signor has in his seraglio? And, of his ancestors, what fruition or taste of sport did he reserve to himself, who never went hawking without seven thousand falconers? And besides all this, I fancy that this luster of grandeur brings with it no little disturbance and uneasiness upon the enjoyment of the most tempting pleasures; the great are too conspicuous and lie too open to every one's view. Neither do I know to what end a man should more require of them to conceal their errors, since what is only reputed indiscretion in us, the people in them brand with the names of tyranny and contempt of the laws, and, besides their proclivity to vice, are apt to hold that it is a heightening of pleasure to them, to insult over and to trample upon public observances. Plato, indeed, in his "Gorgias," defines a tyrant to be one who in a city has license to do whatever his own will leads him to do; and by reason of this impunity, the display and publication of their vices do ofttimes more mischief than the vice itself. Every one fears to be pried into and overlooked; but princes are so, even to their very gestures, looks and

[1] "The rich and great are often pleased with variety; and a plain supper in a poor cottage, where there are neither tapestry nor beds of purple, has made their anxious brow smooth."—HORACE, *Od.*, iii. 29, 13, which has *divibitus*, not *principibus*.

thoughts, the people conceiving they have right and title to be judges of them: besides that the blemishes of the great naturally appear greater by reason of the eminence and luster of the place where they are seated, and that a mole or a wart appears greater in them than a wide gash in others. And this is the reason why the poets fain the amours of Jupiter to be performed in the disguises of so many borrowed shapes, and that among the many amorous practices they lay to his charge, there is only one, as I remember, where he appears in his own majesty and grandeur.

But let us return to Hiero, who further complains of the inconveniences he found in his royalty, in that he could not look abroad and travel the world at liberty, being as it were a prisoner in the bounds and limits of his own dominion, and that in all his actions he was evermore surrounded with an importunate crowd. And in truth, to see our kings sit all alone at table, environed with so many people prating about them, and so many strangers staring upon them, as they always are, I have often been moved rather to pity than to envy their condition. King Alfonso was wont to say, that in this, asses were in a better condition than kings, their masters permitting them to feed at their own ease and pleasure, a favor that kings cannot obtain of their servants. And it has never come into my fancy that it could be of any great benefit to the life of a man of sense to have twenty people prating about him when he is at stool; or that the services

of a man of ten thousand livres a year, or that has taken Casale or defended Siena, should be either more commodious or more acceptable to him, than those of a good groom of the chamber who understands his place. The advantages of sovereignty are in a manner but imaginary: every degree of fortune has in it some image of principality. Cæsar calls all the lords of France, having free franchise within their own demesnes, roitelets or petty kings; and in truth, the name of sire excepted, they go pretty far toward kingship; for do but look into the provinces remote from court, as Brittany, for example, take notice of the train, the vassals, the officers, the employment, service, ceremony, and state of a lord who lives retired from court in his own house, among his own tenants and servants; and observe withal, the flight of his imagination, there is nothing more royal; he hears talk of his master once a year, as of a king of Persia, without taking any further recognition of him, than by some remote kindred his secretary keeps in some musty record. And, to speak the truth, our laws are easy enough, so easy that a gentleman of France scarce feels the weight of sovereignty pinch his shoulders above twice in his life. Real and effectual subjection only concerns such among us as voluntarily thrust their necks under the yoke, and, who design to get wealth and honors by such services: for a man that loves his own fireside, and can govern his house without falling by the ears with his neigh-

bors or engaging in suits of law, is as free as a duke of Venice. "*Paucos servitus, plures servitutem tenent.*"[1]

But that which Hiero is most concerned at is, that he finds himself stripped of all friendship, deprived of all mutual society, wherein the true and most perfect fruition of human life consists. For what testimony of affection and good will can I extract from him that owes me, whether he will or no, all that he is able to do? Can I form any assurance of his real respect to me, from his humble way of speaking and submissive behavior, when these are ceremonies it is not in his choice to deny? The honor we receive from those that fear us, is not honor; those respects are paid to royalty and not to me.

> "*Maximum hoc regni bonum est,*
> *Quod facta domini cogitur populus sui*
> *Quam ferre, tam laudare.*"[2]

Do I not see that the wicked and the good king, he that is hated and he that is beloved, have the one as much reverence paid him as the other? My predecessor was, and my successor shall be, served with the same ceremony and state. If my subjects do me no harm, 'tis no evidence of any good affection; why should I look upon it as such, seeing

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[1] "Servitude enchains few, but many enchain themselves to servitude."—SENECA, *Ep.*, 22.

[2] "'Tis the greatest benefits of kings, that their subjects are bound, whatever they say or do, not only to submit, but also to praise it."—Idem., *Thyestes*, ii. 1, 30.

it is not in their power to do it if they would? No one follows me or obeys my commands, upon the account of any friendship between him and me; there can be no contracting of friendship, where there is so little relation and correspondence: my own height has put me out of the familiarity of and intelligence with men: there is too great disparity and disproportion between us. They follow me either upon the account of decency or custom; or rather my fortune, than me, to increase their own. All they say to me, or do for me, is but outward paint, appearance, their liberty being on all parts restrained by the great power and authority I have over them. I see nothing about me but what is dissembled and disguised.

The Emperor Julian being one day applauded by his courtiers for his exact justice: "I should be proud of these praises," said he, "did they come from persons that durst condemn or disapprove the contrary, in case I should do it."[1] All the real advantages of princes are common to them with men of meaner condition ('tis for the gods to mount winged horses and feed upon ambrosia): they have no other sleep, nor other appetite than we; the steel they arm themselves withal, is of no better temper than that we also use; their crowns neither defend them from the rain nor the sun.

Diocletian, who wore a crown so fortunate and revered, resigned it to retire to the felicity of a private life; and some time after, the necessity

[1]Ammianus Marcellinus, xxii. 10.

of public affairs requiring that he should reassume his charge, he made answer to those who came to court him to it: "You would not offer," said he, "to persuade me to this had you seen the fine order of the trees I have planted in my orchard, and the fair melons I have sown in my garden."[1]

In Anarcharsis' opinion, the happiest state of government would be where, all other things being equal, precedency should be measured out by the virtues, and repulses by the vices of men.[2]

When King Pyrrhus prepared for his expedition into Italy, his wise counselor Cyneas, to make him sensible of the vanity of his ambition: "Well, sir," said he, "to what end do you make all this mighty preparation?" "To make myself master of Italy," replied the king. "And what after that is done?" said Cyneas. "I will pass over into Gaul and Spain," said the other. "And what then?" "I will then go to subdue Africa; and lastly, when I have brought the whole world to my subjection, I will sit down and rest content at my own ease." "For God's sake, sir," replied Cyneas, "tell me what hinders that you may not, if you please, be now in the condition you speak of? Why do you not now at this instant, settle yourself in the state you seem to aim at, and spare all the labor and hazard you interpose?"[3]

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[1]Aurelius Victor, art. Diocletian.

[2]Plutarch, Banquet of the Seven Sages, c. 13.

[3]*Idem*, Pyrrhus, c. 7.

"Nimirum, quia non bene norat, quæ esset habendi Finis, et omnino quoad crescat vera voluptas."[1]

I will conclude with an old versicle, that I think very apt to the purpose. *"Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam."*

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

(*Translated by W. Carew Hazlitt.*)

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[1] "Truly because they do not know what is the proper limit of acquisition, and how far real pleasure extends."—LUCRETIUS, v. 1431. The text has *quia non cognovit.*

OCTOBER 26

BRIGHT EYES*

WE WERE known as road-kids in the parlance of hoboes. And nearly a hundred of us had assembled in Chicago from every State in the nation. What a gathering we were! Embryo pickpockets, bruisers, and yeggmen, and—maybe—a few future members of Rotary Clubs, we lived, like carefree scavengers, on the very fringes of society. Out of orphanages, reform schools, and jails we had come, the sniveling and the stubborn, the mongrel and the thoroughbred, the weak and the never-defeated. The youngest of us was about twelve; the oldest about fifteen. A future champion pugilist was among us, and five lads who were to serve life for murder, and fourteen others who were to be detained in different penitentiaries for lesser periods of time. One became a vaudeville head-liner; another a political boss. Some were to die fighting for a nation that, with boundless generosity, had given them but hallways and boxcars to sleep in. One became a Methodist minister, later falling from grace long enough to serve a term for forgery. He was then to climb back on the chariot of God, where he remained

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until he died insane. We were a variegated crew.

We lived at the Newsboys' Home—a faded, red-brick building that overlooked Lake Michigan. The most popular lad in the institution was a little Italian whose real name we never knew. Young as we were, many of us had something to hide, and he was reticent. We did not question him. His eyes were large, brown, and sparkling, so we called him Bright Eyes.

Bright Eyes and I had reached the Home on the same winter day. Blue with the cold and very lonely, we became friends immediately. Our natures were different . . . I was the rebel in knee breeches, with tangled red hair and heavy jowl, who told life to go to hell. Bright Eyes was as calm as a June morning after the rains are done.

In those hungry, wind-whipped days I hated routine as much as I do now, and every person I met tried to mold me to fit some form. But always my head stuck out. Bright Eyes was a gentleman and rebelled against life but once. A year younger than I, he was very much wiser. He knew by instinct that which I have been many years in the learning: that it doesn't pay to fight life—that, after all, it doesn't matter. One either comes through or one doesn't, and often the thoroughbred is hamstrung in the race. Life is greater than its philosophers. Bright Eyes knew that.

I remember one evening in the Home when we assembled to meet a very wealthy lady. We all read compositions that we had written. I read my own aloud and it was greeted with applause.

I had written about General Wolfe, who was my favorite hero in those days. The gray-haired and bespectacled lady was amazed. She shook my hand and turned to the matron and said, "There's literary talent displayed here," and asked my name.

It was my first literary triumph. All of us speculated as to the outcome of her remark. I lived in the clouds for three days, waiting for her carriage to come after me.

Bright Eyes said no word while I lived through that feverish dream. Reticent, as usual, he finally called me aside and said: "You'll never hear from her, Jim. Don't kid yourself. Those people can't be bothered with the likes of you and me. Look at last Christmas. Not a soul came near this joint all day."

He was right. I never heard from Mrs. Marshall Field again.

It was bitterly cold the week following. The wind howled from the lake for seven days and seven nights. As the Home was closed from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, Bright Eyes and I were at the mercy of the cold. We were thinly clad. We had no change of outer clothing—and no underclothing at all.

At last Bright Eyes got a job in a printshop. He had learned something of the trade somewhere. Cold as it was, I preferred the open streets, where I sold newspapers and carried luggage for travelers going from one station to another. And so several bitter weeks passed.

One evening Bright Eyes returned wearing a

bandage over his left eye. Some printer's ink had got into it. The eye grew worse. A doctor was called in. Three weeks later the eye was removed. . . . Unskilled in words of sympathy, we knew not what to say. For several days a sadness hung over the Home. A patch was devised to hide the empty red socket . . . the sadness passed . . . and save for depressing moments, Bright Eyes was seemingly happy once again.

But we called him Bright Eyes no longer. With the terseness of our world we called him Blink.

II

He never returned to the print-shop. He had lost interest in work. The months drifted by until spring. We took to the road, and our ways diverged.

But nearly all of us became hoboes, and so I would come across him now and then in the underworld of some city. He always worried for fear the loss of his eye would affect the sight of the other. It became a mania with him. Cheerful liar that I was, I told him that such a thing was impossible. I argued that one-eyed people could always see better than people with two eyes. Blink tried to believe me. He became a hopeless vagrant.

After years of wandering some of us settled in Southern California, and there I met him again. He was still worrying about blindness, and I did my usual lying. I told him about a fellow in the

navy with one eye who could see farther than any other man who sailed in ships. Blink listened quietly and then said:

"God, Jim, I don't want to lose my other glim. There's so much to see!"

I immediately cut in: "But hell, Blink, you like music, and you can always hear that. And you can hear engines whistlin' far off. Bein' blind ain't so damn bad."

"Don't kid me, Jim, I'm on. I'd rather be in jail for life—than blind. There ain't nothin' worse."

A Spanish girl passed in a riot of color, her lithe body alive with joy. Some red-winged blackbirds danced on the green grass of the plaza where we talked. Far away, through a rift in the Mexican tenements, we could see the mountains.

The Spanish girl returned, singing.

"That's a song about a bird with a broken wing," said Blink. "I wonder if he had just one glim, too."

I believe that now and then there blossoms in the world a flower that has been a thousand years in the forming. Blink had certain qualities that could be explained in no other way. His knowledge of music was astonishing. One-eyed vagabond that he was, he knew the folk-music of all the nations, and he knew grand opera, too. He would go hungry to hear music; often, indeed, he would beg his way to the topmost gallery to feed his soul.

The Spanish girl's song died away. We remained tense and silent with wonder. Two heavy-

footed men approached. We knew them immediately as city detectives.

"We want you as a vag," one of them said to Blink. "You've been hangin' around here long enough."

They took him to the nearest street corner and called the patrol-wagon. Before I left him I said:

"Remember, Blink, you're not guilty—and stand trial."

"All right, Red," he answered, with absolute unconcern.

I hurried away with the hope of helping him. We were not without friends in Los Angeles—though all of them had to be careful to avoid the trap of the law themselves. So when Blink faced the police judge the next morning, five of us were there to help him. He pleaded not guilty, and stood trial.

Two of our friends who went in and out of the court-room were opium smugglers. They had hurried from the Mexican border to help a friend. When the trial was over they hurried to their work again. It was a two-hour battle. The two detectives testified, but Blink's friends proved to their own satisfaction, and evidently the judge's, that he had worked within the past six months. The young prosecutor harangued. The judge looked bored, and kept gazing at a crookedly hung picture of Abraham Lincoln all through the trial. When the testimony was in he gave Blink six months in jail and suspended the sentence providing Blink got a job within a week.

In three days Blink had work as a printer's devil on the Los Angeles *Times*. He worked for two months at this job. But his fear of losing his other eye returned. Long weakened, it began to cause him trouble. His little band of uninfluential friends became alarmed. They persuaded him to go to the County Hospital, where he lay upon a bed for four months and underwent as many operations. When the doctors had finished there were two empty red sockets in his head instead of one.

I had encouraged him with lies for thirteen years. Now I found it hard to lie any further. After all, very little can be said to a man with two empty red sockets in his head. The thing to do was to keep him cheerful. Yet every subject I raised seemed to be an ocular one. He would lie on the bed, his raven-black hair rolling back from his forehead, and the tears welling out of the red holes in his head like water from a spring.

He was taught the Braille system of reading, but there was no way they could bring to him the sight of sun and rain and wild free places. So a beaten creature he became, until it was decided to send him to the Institution for the Blind. An incoherent letter came to me and I hurried to the hospital.

"Can't you do something, Jim? I'd rather be dead than in a jail for the blind. I don't want to be caged up any more."

Between us it was decided to write to General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Los Angeles

Times. Our request would be small. Surely the great editor would use his influence to help Blink. All he wanted was the use of a street corner downtown, where he could sell newspapers.

I worked late into the night on a letter which I felt certain would touch the old general's heart. The next morning I had it typed, signed it Frank Thomas, the name Blink went by, and sent it by special delivery.

Weeks passed but no answer came. We sent another and even more urgent letter, but it, too, remained unanswered. Another, registered, followed. It was also ignored.

Then I decided to gain an audience with General Otis by hook or crook and then switch the conversation to Blink's plight. But that was no easy matter. Always fighting the world, and often in fear of his life, the general was no easy man to see.

After some days of consideration it dawned upon me that his wife had written many sentimental verses for his paper. I had also written sentimental verses, so it occurred to me to send samples of them to the general, telling him that Blink had written them, and praising at the same time the verses of his wife. Accordingly, I sent them with an ambitious letter begging an interview with the great man, telling him of my youth and the hard years, and also mentioning Ohio, for I had learned from "Who's Who in America" that he was born in my native State.

I must have written the one masterpiece of my

life, for in two days I was invited to call at his home, "The Bivouac." A flunky looked at my letter to assure himself, perhaps, that I was not another labor agitator bent on murder. After some deliberation he seated me in an alcove in the hallway.

A weak-looking man sat near me. He also waited for the general, who could be heard in his library talking to two women who were begging money for the Y. W. C. A. The talk drifted to the last Sunday edition of the *Times*, and I heard the general ask one of the ladies if she had read his article on Henry E. Huntington, a local gentleman of wealth. The lady untactfully admitted that she had not read it. There was a pause. The lady made matters worse by trying to explain why she had not read the Sunday paper—and this was Wednesday. The general excused himself and went upstairs. I saw him pass, scowling.

A few moments later he sent down a hundred dollars by his secretary. I could hear one of the ladies say: "Dear, dear! The general gave two hundred the last time." The secretary explained that he felt that the one hundred was all he could now afford. The ladies then took their departure. The fact that one of them had failed to read the *Times* that fatal Sunday had cost the Y. W. C. A. one hundred dollars.

III

The secretary now invited me into the library to wait for the general. I looked about and saw

many volumes of sentimental verse by such poets as Alice and Phœbe Cary, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Felicia Hemans, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mary Howitt, and others of even lesser fame. Presently the general entered, followed by the weak-looking man who had waited with me in the hall. The general turned upon him and said brusquely:

"Well, what do you want?"

The little lamb of a man faced the tiger and said:

"Well, general, we are organizing an indemnity fund to protect such patriotic institutions as the *Times* against the ravages of labor agitators and socialists."

The general scowled, and said, as he paced the room restlessly:

"To hell with that damned graft! They didn't give a damn for me when my building was blown to pieces and twenty-one of my men were killed. I fought a battle, I did, for liberty and the Constitution! Without me, labor would crucify all enterprise in this State."

The lamb bleated: "But, general, Earl Rogers thinks well of our plan!" (Earl Rogers was the brilliant lawyer who had helped Clarence Darrow defend the McNamara brothers, dynamiters of the *Times* Building in 1911.)

It was a fatal bleat. The general threw his hands in the air and roared:

"He's a God damned —— ——!"

Then, pacing up and down the floor, he delivered a long harangue on the crimes of working men.

The small man would rise to go, and the general would always shout: "Sit down! Sit down!" When the gentleman managed to leave at last the general turned to me and said:

"My God! Those fellows are hard to get rid of!"

I immediately committed a great social blunder. I called him *Mister* Otis. He turned upon me quickly:

"*General*, if you please! Not that I'm vain—but young men should be taught discipline."

My hand clenched. But I thought of Blink, and was humble once again, and generaled the general all over the room. I mentioned my verses, but he preferred to rave against union labor. He stood before me, an immense man, with stooping shoulders, and heavy pouches under his eyes. His frame, once a great deal over six feet, had shriveled. He was a withered giant with a bag of skin on his bones. His eyes were close together, and all the face wrinkles converged to the corners of them. There was fanatical zeal and finality in his every utterance. Unluckily for me, the departing sheep who wanted to help the tiger fight labor—for a price—had only succeeded in putting him in an evil mood. He raved on and on. Parrying for an opening, I shot in:

"I was reading the other day, General, some verses by your distinguished wife, General, and knowing how you must have helped her, General, I have made bold to write and ask you, General, if I might not presume upon your patience, Gen-

eral, not for myself, General, but for a blind boy friend of mine, General, who also writes verse, General."

"Huh!" he grunted. "But would you know a piece of news if you saw it coming down the street?"

The Irish in me was still unsubdued by so mighty a presence. I replied:

"I think so, General . . . but I'm not asking for myself, General. You see, General, I have a young friend who's blind, General. He writes verses, General, and he used to work on your paper helping printers, General. One eye was fairly good when he started there, General. We ain't blamin' anybody, General. He might have lost it, anyhow, General. Though Blink claims all the towels was full of ink around the place, General."

That was unfortunate—but I was busy generaling him, and untrained in diplomacy.

"Damn it to hell, what was wrong with the towels? Everything's one damned complaint after another, by God! What in hell do you want?"

"Well, you see, General," I shot in quickly, "Blink's blind as a bat, General, and he only wants a street corner, General."

"Only wants! Oh, hell! Only wants—— They all want something!"

"But this won't cost a dime, General. The judge told Blink if he didn't work he'd send him to jail, General, and Blink wants a corner downtown where he can peddle papers, General. Why, he'll

sell two *Timeses* to one *Examiner*, General. He's a white boy, General, and I've never known him to double-cross anybody."

"How long did he work for me?"

"Not long, General. His eye went gooey quick. Then it was curtains for Blink, General."

The general walked rapidly up and down the floor, withered red hands behind his back, shaggy head bent low, and long wrinkles stretching across his forehead.

"I can't do anything. There's places for blind men in this State. That's why we have government and pay taxes."

"But you see," I answered, stepping before him, no longer the humble, reformed road-kid, "you see, Blink's worse than blind. He has a head on him. I've seen him go nuts over a sunset. . . ." Seeing a scowl, my method changed for Blink's sake. "And he used to like your wife's poems, General, and he read the *Times* and believed in all you said, General. That's why he went to work for you, General. He could have started for some other paper, but he preferred to work for the *Times*, General!"

Ignoring my scramble of words he blurted out:

"We have a State Liability Act—let that take care of him. Too many blind men peddling papers on the streets now."

"But something muffed with the State Act, General. They want to railroad him to the Blind Asylum, General. And he'll croak himself before he goes, I'm sure, General. By God! *I* would!

I wouldn't eat their damned bread, General, if it was smeared with honey—and Blink's been in other asylums for the poor. And so have I, General—you know what they're like."

The defiant old man, long used to the center of the stage, was ruffled by my effrontery.

"No, and I don't give a God damn," he answered.

"But, General, you have a great soul—you just gave the Y. W. C. A. some money—Blink doesn't ask for a thin dime."

"It makes no difference. The State should take care of him. He'd be in the world's way outside. . . . There he'd be treated well."

"Maybe you're right, General—but I can't sell Blink the idea. I'd be a hypocrite if I tried."

"Well, that's enough. There's nothing I can do."

"Thank you, General," I said, and left the room.

I strolled into Westlake Park unmindful of decorated nature everywhere. I would have to lie to Blink—would have to tell him that the General would take his case under advisement, I'd have to say: "You know, kid, whenever those big guys do that something always happens. You'll have to be patient, though, Blink—those guys have a lot on their minds—and you may even have to take a ride to the blind joint for a while, and then some of us can sign a bond and get you out. General Otis sure'll help us. He ain't nearly the mean guy everybody makes him out. Jack London and

Clarence Darrow and that gang only have their side of it, Blink. You gotta remember that Otis has his side, too. Look what a lot of them guys did to his building . . ." and, so thinking, I arrived at the County Hospital.

Blink, as usual, was stretched out on his bed. His spirits were so low that he seldom had ambition enough to grope his way about the ward. To cheer him, his underworld visitors would disguise their voices and make him guess who had come to see him.

I said no word that day as I stood near his bed. He touched the muscles of my forearm—his way of recognizing me—and said with a touch of gaiety in his voice:

"That you, Jim? God! I'm glad."

"Yep, it's me, Blink, and I sure got some good news for you. Of course, it won't happen right away—but old General Debility Otis said he'd do what he could. It'll take time, though, Blink, as you know those guys are busy . . . so you'll have to be patient."

"Oh, I'll be patient, Jim. God, I'll be patient! I can't do nothin' else."

He lay back on the bed, the black tangled hair sinking into the pillow. His hand clutched mine in a feverish grasp as I looked down in his handsome face and saw, as usual, the tears gush from the holes in his head. Overcome, I leaned on his breast and sobbed, "The God damned old ——— ———! . . . Blink, I wish to Christ I

could give you eyes. . . . You could have one of mine if I could fix it so's you could!"

The hands patted my shoulders, "That's all right, Jim . . . maybe something'll happen."

"Sure thing, Blink, nobody knows. Maybe in a year some guy'll invent eyes you can see out of—they do funnier things than that."

Hope came into Blink's voice.

"I've been thinkin' about that, Jim. You know, maybe they can do that."

"Sure," I answered, "and I'll bet they'll be doin' it, too. I'll bet you they'll be takin' dead men's eyes, and fixing them in and tying up the nerves . . . so's it'll be like it was before people go blind. I was reading something about that the other day," I lied.

IV

Three months had passed since the interview with Otis. Christmas came. The time was drawing near for Blink's journey to the Hospital for the Blind. All his poverty-stricken friends insisted that he go to the institution until more suitable arrangements could be made.

During Christmas week we took up a collection of nearly seventy dollars. We took the money to him with much forced banter and the words, "We're loaning you this, Blink, till you get a good corner downtown."

Always eager for news, he inquired what word had come from General Otis. I told him that I

had heard from the general's secretary the day before, and that the general was taking the matter up with the City Council. This false news appeased him somewhat, and we talked of old times until it was time for me to go.

The hospital, situated as it was on a busy thoroughfare, was no easy place for a blind man to escape from. Yet Blink did escape—after the lights had been put out, the night before he was to be sent to the asylum. The city of Los Angeles was four miles away, and the path taken there by a blind man must have been a devious one.

But Blink found his way to a cheap hotel, where the landlady gave him a room with another blind man. In the center of this room was an oilcloth covered table. She asked Blink to be as tidy as possible and place everything on it. She let her little boy lead him about the next afternoon.

He asked the lad to go to a motion picture theater with him—"where there was music." It was a continuous show and they remained for hours. The youngster became restless, so Blink paid him a dollar to remain another hour. Then he asked to be led to a pawnshop.

When I found that Blink had escaped I inquired in his old haunts. No one knew where he had gone. I spent the afternoon looking for him, without success, but felt reassured because of the money he had.

That evening a package came by special messenger. It was wrapped about with many rubber

bands. They ran in every direction. The address was written with lead pencil and was hardly legible.

Inside the package of brown paper was fifty-one dollars in paper, gold, and silver, of different denominations. The bills were crunched, the silver and gold loose among the paper. The letter said:

"I thought I'd send this back to you guys so the dicks won't get it when they search the room. I won't need it any more."

It was badly scrawled and some of the lines overlapped.

I hurried to the address the messenger gave me. Blink, gentleman to the end, had placed his head on the oilcloth covered table before he drilled a hole through it with the revolver the pawnbroker had sold him.

The next morning the *Times* carried a little story to the effect that Frank Thomas, a printer, had committed suicide in a cheap hotel.

There was no funeral for Blink and no headstone. I did not believe in such things. A young Irish burglar wanted to pray for him every night. I told him to go ahead. He was later sentenced for life as an habitual criminal. I hope it has not interfered with his praying for Blink's soul. For I believe he had one.

JIM TULLY.

OCTOBER 27

(Theodore Roosevelt, born October 27, 1858)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT*

Raising the Regiment

DURING [1897] the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervor and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western world. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate

*"The Rough Riders," by Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons, has, with their kind permission, furnished the pages now presented.

particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found plenty of sympathizers, especially in the navy, the army, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis—with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battleships and the armored cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers—every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an enemy was merely to carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Doctor [now General] Leonard Wood

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the Navy Department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaign against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions—the Medal of Honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the

gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a football in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very

strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honor and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the *Maine* we felt that it was inevitable. We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favor.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native state of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other state, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel—now General—Francis V. Greene, of New York, the colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorized the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my

ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders." At first we fought against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organizing was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordinance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all-important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats, who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the state troops, who were already organized as National

Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

General Young's Fight

At six o'clock the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march on the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men—as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realized that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corraled a couple of mules and was using them to transport the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went

first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie, at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who, though non-combatants—newspaper correspondents—showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many birdnotes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo.

Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bid-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward Colonel Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realized that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere—one troop being held in reserve in the center, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellen's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellen, Greenway, Kane, and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any di-

rection to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellen, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was unlimited opportunity

for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered mountain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated

to the left into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighborhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Henry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his com-

panions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After a while I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital—which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

The Cavalry at Santiago

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards

running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled

with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We didn't hear you, we didn't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we'll sure follow you. I wanted the other regiments to come, too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and here, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light

blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army.

How Colonel Roosevelt Treated His Men

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

How the Goodwill of Troops Is Won and Held

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars, too, in time of trial the

best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should

be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed. I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the color sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort, for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hard-

ships, my men did not object to—for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

BURROUGHS AND ROOSEVELT*

IN THE spring of 1903, when that Big Boy who was playing the game of being President, and playing it for all he was worth, began to pant for the wilds, he decided to take a vacation, Congress or no Congress, in Yellowstone Park, and asked John Burroughs to take it with him. The yellow newspapers, getting wind of the trip, made much of it, calling it a hunting trip, assuming that the President was going into the Park to kill the elk and moose and caribou. Some of the correspondents of Mr. Burroughs hoped he would rebuke the President by refusing to go with him. A Vermont woman wrote urging him to restrain the Hunter as much as possible, and teach him to love the animals as he did. "She little knew," confessed Mr. Burroughs, "that I myself was cherishing the hope that I might shoot a cougar or a bob cat. But as a matter of fact, the President did not go there to hunt. He did not once fire a gun in the Park."

In each city along the route there was a round of hand-shaking, dining, and speech-making for the Strenuous One who, though declaring it needed

*From "John Burroughs, Boy and Man," by permission of Clara Barrus, M. D.

the strength of a bull moose to stand it, seemed to thrive on it, keeping fit as a fiddle all through.

The boy in the President came out continually on this trip, and the elder boy concluded that was why they "took" to each other so readily. Roosevelt's unfeigned delight at the hearty demonstrations along the way was refreshing. And when in St. Paul, as their carriage was slowly creeping along in the crowds, they spied a band of schoolgirls carrying a banner—"The John Burroughs Club"—and a blushing maiden pushed her way to the President's carriage and timidly thrust a bouquet on the lap of Mr. Burroughs, the President was greatly tickled.

On this trip Roosevelt gave the name of Oom John to our friend. Saying that he felt like a hen with one chicken, he lived up to this feeling and scratched around and hovered over his lone charge with kindly care. As for Oom John, being a Slabsider, and not having hobnobbed with presidents before, he was at a loss how to address his host. Should he call him Your Excellency, which they say Washington exacted, or Mr. President, or what? As His Excellency was much averse to that epithet, they compromised on His Transparency—as having at least the merit of accuracy!

One day at luncheon, while passing a little settlement in Dakota, they saw a teacher and her pupils watching eagerly as the train passed. Jumping up, with napkin in hand, the President rushed to the platform and waved to them.

"Those children wanted to see the President of the United States," said he, "and I couldn't disappoint them—they may never have another chance."

T. R. bubbled with joy when the former foreman of his Elkhorn Ranch, a cowboy friend, boarded the train and rode with him a ways. He bombarded them with questions, recalled events and people they had long since forgotten, remembering even the names of their dogs and horses. At twilight, as the train entered the Bad Lands of North Dakota, he stood on the rear platform and gazed wistfully on the scene. The Bad Lands, over which he had tramped in all seasons, evidently looked very good to the one-time Rancher.

When they entered Yellowstone Park a fine saddle horse was waiting for the President, but an ambulance drawn by mules for Oom John. Somewhat chagrined at being met by such a vehicle, he nevertheless stepped inside as though accustomed to ambulances. With an escort of officers, soldiers, and cowboys, the President, tickled at leaving reporters and politicians behind, started gaily off, the ambulance following. And it immediately followed at such a lively pace, swaying from side to side, that Oom John, grabbing the seat with both hands, said to himself, "This is a Wild West send-off in dead earnest." Faster and wilder grew the ride. Tossed about, he rubbed his bruises with one hand, and clung to the seat with the other. Presently, looking out, he saw the cowboys scrambling up a bank, and the President on his fine

stallion, scrambling up there, too, and looking back fiercely as the ambulance thundered by.

"This is certainly the ride of my life," thought Oom John. "I seem to be given the right of way —we have even side-tracked the President!" On they tore for a mile or more till, on reaching Fort Yellowstone, he learned that the mules, excited by the presidential cavalcade, had been running away, the driver's only course being to keep them in the road till the hill at that point should give them pause.

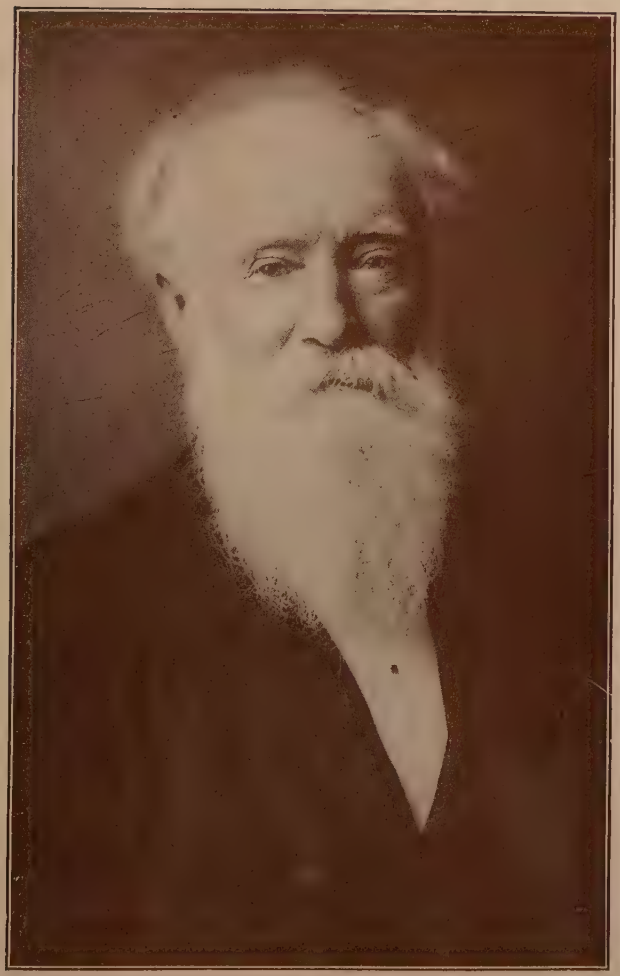
The Mammoth Springs in the Park were all that they were "cracked up" to be. The columns of vapor, the sulphurous odors, the unearthly beauty of color—were all things of which Oom John had never seen the like before. In one of the steaming pools, about an acre in extent, they saw a pair of mallard ducks swimming, the ducks moving to the warmer waters as the party came near. At length, the waters getting too hot for them, they took to their wings, else the travelers might have had boiled mallard for dinner. In a certain pool they caught a trout, and without changing their position, cast the fish into another pool and cooked it.

For Mr. Burroughs the novelty of the geyser region soon wore off. He says that steam and hot water are the same the world over, and he hated to see so much of it going to waste. The Growler, he said, was only a boiling tea kettle on a huge scale. Old Faithful was another, with its lid off, and its contents thrown high in the air.

In fact, he cares little for Nature in her spectacular moods. I remember how, in the Hawaiian Islands six years later, he tired of the lurid spectacle of Kilauea long before the rest of the party did.

Eventful was every hour in the Park—whether listening to Townsend's *solitaire*, or to the singing gophers; catching sight of black-tailed deer, or blue grouse; whether meeting with the Duke of Hell-roaring Creek, or treeing the pigmy owl—a bird not much larger than our bluebird—which the President was as happy to get in range of his opera glasses as though he had bagged some bigger game.

One day while making their way down a valley on horseback, T. R., ahead, saw a band of elk a few hundred yards away. Wheeling to the left, he beckoned Oom John to follow, then tore after them. Now Oom John had not been in a saddle since the President was born, but he followed as fast as he could, over rocks and logs and runs. T. R. would now and then look back and beckon impatiently for him to follow faster, as though saying to himself, "If I had a rope around him, he would come faster than that!" At last, his horse puffing, Oom John came up with the President, tarrying at the brow of the hill; and there, scarce fifty yards away, their heads turned toward their pursuers, their tongues hanging out, stood the panting elk, by their whole bearing seeming to beg for mercy. And there sat the President laughing like a boy, delighted at this near view of the noble creatures, and glad to have Oom John see them with him.



JOHN BURROUGHS

Later in the day, from an elevated plateau, they looked down upon fully three thousand elk at one time. In that sightly spot they dismounted and stretched themselves in the sunshine on the flat rocks. The President had his elk, but around Oom John, if the truth must be told, there skurried tiny chipmunks, half the size of those of his native hills, toward which he was drawn far more than to the horde of noble animals they had come so far to see.

One day at Tower Camp, when Billy Hofer, the guide, shouted that a band of mountain sheep were plunging down a sheer wall of trap rock to the creek to drink, all rushed to see the sight. The President, coat off, and towel on neck, had one side of his face shaved and the other lathered when Billy shouted the news.

"By Jove! I must see that," he cried—"the shaving can wait," and T. R. ran with the others to the brink where they saw the sure-footed creatures leaping down the rock, loosening stones as they went, pausing on narrow shelves, then plunging down, down, without accident, to the stream.

Their jolliest times were evenings around the fire when Roosevelt talked of his ranch days, of the world of politics, of books, of his travels, of everything under the sun, moon, and stars. Once in a never-to-be-forgotten talk he took his hearers with him up Kettle Hill, recreating the scene for them. They saw the Leader's face blanch, as he confessed it did, when, on looking across an open basin, he realized that they had to charge up that

hill. They saw the storm of bullets, they heard the shout, "We'll never take that hill!" They saw the lines of the Ninth Cavalry part, as their officer in command, waiting for orders, let Roosevelt and his men charge through, their intrepidity causing the colored troops to swing into the charge also. And, finally, they saw the crest of the hill swarming with Rough Riders and colored troopers.

One of the jolliest stories that Oom John remembers is of a Rough Rider who once wrote to the President for help and sympathy from a jail in Arizona: "Dear Colonel," the letter ran, "I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but dear Colonel, I did not intend to hit the lady—I was shooting at my wife." And over the tree-tops rang the "dear Colonel's" laughter as he told of it.

The President did not use tobacco in any form, to the delight of Oom John, who so loathes tobacco smoke that, while it is enveloping him, he loathes the smoker also.

Although Roosevelt kept his word about killing big game in the Park, there was one wild creature that fell a victim to the hunter's instinct. As they were riding along in a sleigh one day he suddenly jumped out and, with the help of his sombrero, captured and killed a mouse running over the ground. It was a rare variety. He skinned and prepared the pelt and sent it to the National Museum. Oom John crosses his heart and says this is the only game the Great American Hunter killed while in the Park. A week or two

later, in Spokane, this incident gave Oom John a sleepless night, for after having told a crowd of people about the capture of that mouse, he got to worrying for fear a malicious reporter, or a stupid typesetter, might change the *u* to an *o*, so quoting him as saying that the President had killed a moose.

Racing with Roosevelt on skis in the Park was attended with mishaps and ignominious plights for both, until they "got the hang of the pesky things." Once, gaily passing T. R., floundering in the snow, Oom John called out something about the Downfall of the Administration, only to come to grief later and hear T. R. call out, "Who is laughing now, Oom John?"

The correspondence of J. B. and T. R., extending over the years, is of value, not only for its natural history interest, but in its portrayal of character, the President turning easily from affairs of State to tell of the arrival of the white-crowned sparrow on the White House lawn, a purple finch's nest at Sagamore Hill, the identification of the Dominican warbler, or of putting a half-fledged flicker back into its nest—"What a boiling there was when I dropped it in!" Writing of reluctantly shooting the rare warbler, and sending its skin to the American Museum, T. R. said, "The breeding season was past, and no damage came to the species from shooting the specimen, but I must say I care less and less for mere 'collecting' as I grow older."

One day at Sagamore Hill Roosevelt showed Mr.

Burroughs a bird journal which he had kept in Egypt, when a lad of fourteen, and a case of African plovers he had set up at that time. That day they examined the skin of a gray timber wolf, and especially its teeth, barely more than an inch long, and had a good laugh at the idea of such teeth reaching the heart of a caribou through the breast with a snap, as a certain nature writer, over his affidavit, had shortly before reported one to have done. Oom John said he doubted if they could reach the heart of a turkey gobbler in that way; and T. R. said one might as well make an affidavit that a Rocky Mountain pack-rat could throw the diamond hitch. As they discussed this and kindred other impossible statements concerning the wild creatures, one can imagine T. R. fairly snapping his teeth while declaring he would like to skin alive the deliberate perpetrator of such lies. Boys don't mince matters, nor always choose their language with extreme nicety, and this boy, who knew what he was talking about, not only delighted in showing up the nature fakers publicly, but in private also let off steam in such expressions as, "What a pestiferous liar that fellow is!"

The last outing T. R. and Oom John ever had together was down at Pine Knot, a secluded place in the woods of Virginia, about a hundred miles from Washington, where they went to name the birds without a gun.

The night before leaving Washington, at dinner in the White House, one of the guests being an

officer in the British army, stationed in India, Oom John was amazed to see the extent of the President's knowledge of Indian affairs, for all the world as though he had been cramming for a Regent Examination on the subject. But the next morning, India, England, and even affairs of the United States were given the cold shoulder, as the bird lovers took an early train for Pine Knot.

The spring migration of warblers being on, Roosevelt was not content to ride the ten miles to the cabin, so both boys jumped from the wagon and began the race of identifying the warblers. The younger boy with his "four eyes," two of which were not first class, kept up with Oom John's sharp eyes, matching a black-poll with a red-throated blue, and a Wilson's black-cap with a pine warbler. After reaching the cabin, they started off on another bird hunt, T. R. walking as if for a wager, through fields and briers and marshes. At last, pausing and mopping their brows, they turned back, having seen few birds.

Mrs. Roosevelt evidently took the Strenuous One to task for rushing their guests about in that fashion, for he came around apologetically later and said, "Oom John, that was not the way to go after the birds—we will do differently to-morrow," and the Saunterer who never makes a dead set at the birds, admitted that he had never gone abirding just that way before.

On the morrow they named more than seventy-five species of birds, of which Mr. Burroughs knew all but two, and the President all but two, the

President having taught J. B. the prairie warbler and Bewick's wren and J. B. having taught him the swamp sparrow and one of the rarer warblers. If T. R. had found Lincoln's sparrow, which he usually found there, he would have gone Oom John one better. They loitered in a weedy field a long time, while the President kept his eye peeled for that sparrow, but the sparrow may have been keeping his eye peeled also, for he never came in sight.

One evening at Pine Knot, as they sat around the table reading, Mrs. Roosevelt busy with needlework, Roosevelt occupied with Lord Cromer's book on Egypt, and J. B. deep in the horrible account of the man-eating lions of East Africa (the lions carrying their victims into the bushes, and purring as they crunched their bones), suddenly T. R.'s hand came down on the table with such a bang that Mrs. Roosevelt fairly jumped from her chair, and J. B. thought a lion had him sure.

"Why, my dear, what *is* the matter?" asked Mrs. Roosevelt in a slightly nettled tone.

"I got him!" triumphed the Slayer—he had killed a mosquito, expending enough energy almost to have demolished an African lion.

When on the return trip, his secretary boarded the train, the President was soon deep in the dictation of letters and the consideration of many weighty matters—wrens, warblers, and the sparrow he did not find, side-tracked for the business of the Administration.

CLARA BARRUS.

OCTOBER 28

THE REPUBLIC

Book VII

[In the book which precedes this, Socrates maintains that only by living the life of a philosopher can a knowledge of the intellectual world, where alone true being resides, be gained. The supreme idea of this higher world, the ideal form of Good, whose light illumines all other ideas in the intellectual world, he likens to the sun, whose light must illumine any object which the eye would see clearly in the visible world. The thought is carried out in the following allegory of a cave or lower world, which bears the same relation to the visible world in which we live that the latter bears to the world of pure ideas above it.

The conversation is between Socrates and Glaucon, Socrates speaking in the first person.]

PICTURE to yourself a company of men in a kind of underground cavern-like dwelling, which has an opening toward the light extending all the way across one side; here from childhood they have been fastened by the legs and the neck, in such wise that they are kept ever in one position and see only what is in front of them, because by reason of the chains they cannot turn their heads round. Light, however, they have from a fire which is burning high up at some distance behind them; and between the fire and the prisoners there runs a raised road, along which you see a low wall built like the screens which the jugglers set up

between themselves and their audience, over which to display their shows."

"I see it all," said Glaucon.

"Imagine, furthermore, men who are carrying behind this wall images of men and all sorts of animals, made of wood and stone and wrought in every fashion, and other articles of every kind, which project above the wall; and suppose, as would be natural, that some of those who carry the images are talking, others silent."

"This is a strange picture," said he, "and strange prisoners are these."

"Very like ourselves," I rejoined. "Do you suppose, in the first place, that people in such case could ever see anything, whether of themselves or of each other, save the shadows which the fire casts upon the side of the cave directly opposite them?"

"How could they," he answered, "if all their lives they had been forced to keep their heads immovable?"

"And what of the objects which are carried past? Would it not be the same thing with these?"

"Naturally it would."

"And if they could talk together, do you not believe that they would agree upon common names for the figures they saw passing before them?"

"Necessarily they would."

"And how about this. If there were an echo from the prison wall in front of them, do you be-

lieve that whenever one of the passers-by spoke, they would suppose the sound to come from anything but the passing shadow?"

"No, indeed, I do not," was his reply.

"So that, in fact," said I, "people of this sort would hold nothing for real, save the shadows of the images."

"Necessarily so."

"Consider then," I continued, "what would be the effect of their release from prison and cure from folly if it came about thus. Suppose that one of them were set free and forced all of a sudden to get up and turn his head round, and walk and look up toward the light, and suppose it pained him to do all this, and he was unable, on account of the brightness, to look at the objects of which all along he had been seeing the shadows. What, think you, would he say if someone told him that what he had been seeing all along was an illusion, but that now, from being somewhat nearer to reality and turned toward things more real, he saw more truly; and if, moreover, each passing object were pointed out to him, and he were forced to answer and say what each one was? Do you not suppose he would be bewildered, and deem what he had been used to see far more real than what was now pointed out to him?"

"Much more real," he said.

"And if he were forced to look at the light itself, would not his eyes pain him, and would he not turn away and again take refuge in such things as he was able to look upon, and believe that these

were in reality more distinct than those now pointed out?"

"Yes, so it would be," he said.

"Now suppose someone were to drag him by force up the rough steep ascent, and not let him go until he had been drawn out into the light of the sun, would he not, while he was being dragged along, suffer pain and distress, and on coming into the sunlight, would not his eyes be so filled with its brilliancy that he would be unable to see a single one of the things which we now call real?"

"Yes, indeed," he said, "in the first moment at least."

"Yes, he would certainly need to get accustomed to the upper world if he is ever to discern objects there. And first he would find it easier to distinguish the shadows, then the reflections in water of men and other objects, and after that the objects themselves. And from these he would turn his gaze upon the light of the stars and of the moon, finding it easier to look at things in the heavens and the heavens themselves by night, than at the sun and the light of the sun by day."

"How could it be otherwise?"

"And last of all, I suppose, he would look upon the sun, not its mere image reflected in water or in some other foreign substance, but the sun itself in its own abode, beholding it as it really is."

"Undoubtedly he would."

"And this would lead him to reflect that the sun it is which orders the seasons and the years, and is guardian of all things in the visible world,

and in some way the cause of those things that he and his fellows have been wont to see."

"It is plain," he assented, "that the one step would lead to the other."

"Well, then, calling to mind his former abode and his whilom wisdom and his fellow-prisoners, do you not think he would deem himself blessed in the change, and pity them?"

"Indeed I do."

"And suppose it were their habit among themselves to bestow praises and honors and rewards upon him whose vision was keenest for the passing objects, and who best remembered which of them were wont to pass first and which last and which together, and was therefore best able to foretell what was coming next, would he, think you, be eager for these praises and envious of those who are vested with high honor and authority among them; or would he not rather feel, with Homer, that he would infinitely prefer to be—

'Bound to the soil, and serve another man, though portionless,'

and suffer any manner of thing, rather than go on holding those opinions and living in that way?"

"Yes," said he, "I believe he would suffer anything rather than go on living in that way."

"And now consider this, too," I said; "suppose a man of this sort were to return below and seat himself in his old place, would not his eyes, coming thus suddenly out of the sunlight, be filled with darkness?"

"Most certainly they would."

"And if he had once more to enter into a contest with those who had always remained prisoners, in discerning the shadows we have spoken of, his sight being as yet weak and his eyes not having yet adjusted themselves to the new conditions, and if it should take no little time to get used to these, would they not laugh him to scorn, and declare that his visit to the upper world had spoiled his eyes for him, and that the ascent was not worth even the attempt? And if any one tried to release them and lead them upward, they would put him to death if they could manage to get him into their clutches; would they not?"

"That they would," said he.

"Here, then, my dear Glaucon," I said, "you have the parable which must be added to what we spoke of before. The world seen by the eye is represented by the prison house, the light of the fire by the power of the sun; and if you will take the upward journey and the sight of things above to be the ascent of the soul to the world of thought, you will not fail to apprehend my hope, since you wish to know it, though whether or not it be true God only knows. My belief then is this: in the realm of knowledge the Idea of Good is the final goal and is perceived only with effort, but when once perceived it is recognized as the source of all things true and beautiful, in the visible world giving birth to light and the lord of light, in the world of thought standing forth itself as the dispenser of truth and reason; and upon this his gaze

must be bent who would act rationally whether in private or in public."

"I agree with you," he rejoined, "so far, at least, as I am able to follow."

"Pray, then," said I, "agree with me also in thinking it no marvel that they who have attained this height do not desire to take part in the affairs of men; but their souls ever impel them to linger above; for this were but natural, if our parable may still be applied."

'Quite natural," he said.

"Well, then, is it strange, do you think, that a man who passes from contemplation of the divine to the human, conducts himself awkwardly and makes a very ridiculous appearance if he is compelled, while his sight is still weak and he is not yet thoroughly accustomed to the darkness around him to enter into a contest, in a court of justice or elsewhere, concerning shadows of justice or rather the images which cast these shadows, and to dispute about the notions entertained concerning these by men who have never had a glimpse of justice herself?"

"Not strange in the least," he replied.

"On the contrary," I added, "if a man has any sense, he will remember that there are two kinds of disturbance of the eyes, which arise from two causes, the passage from light into darkness and the passage from darkness into light. Wherefore, reflecting that it is the same with the soul, he will not thoughtlessly laugh when he beholds one which is bewildered and unable to see clearly, but will

examine whether it has come out of a brighter life and is blinded from being unaccustomed to darkness, or whether, having come out of a lower state of ignorance into a brighter life, it is dazzled by the more brilliant radiance; and then he will account the one happy in its condition and mode of life, and pity the other; and if he have a mind to laugh at this soul, his laughter will be less ridiculous than when it is directed against the soul which has come down from the light above."

"You speak most sensibly," he said.

"If this, then," I said, "is the truth in regard to these matters, we ought to believe that education is not what certain of those who profess it proclaim. For they say that they can put into the soul a knowledge which it does not possess, as if they would put sight into blind eyes."

"Yes, they say they can do this," he said.

"But our argument," I continued, "makes it clear that every man has within his soul this faculty and the instrument whereby each man may acquire knowledge; and that just as we might suppose it to be impossible for the eye to turn from darkness to light save with the whole body also, so it is necessary that not this faculty only but the whole soul with it be turned round from the world of change, until it becomes able to bear the sight of the real and what is brightest in the real. And this we call the Good, do we not?"

"Yes."

"And the art would consist in bringing about

in the easiest and most efficacious way this very process of conversion; not creating sight within a man, but assuming that sight is already there, only not rightly directed nor looking where it should, and contriving a remedy for this."

"I suppose so," he said.

"Now the other so-called virtues of the soul are very like those of the body, having, as a matter of fact, no existence there in the beginning, but being afterward engendered by custom and practice; whereas the virtue of wisdom is a part of something, it would seem, far more divine, having within itself a force which never perishes, but by the process of conversion becomes either useful and beneficent, or else useless and productive of harm. Take one of that class known for bad men, yet clever. Have you never observed what keen glances the sorry soul of the fellow darts out, and how quick he is to discern all to which his attention is turned, thus showing that his sight is not defective, but that he is impelled to use it in the service of evil, so that the more keenly he sees, so much more the harm he works?"

"Most true."

"Now, then," I said, "if a soul endowed with such a nature had from childhood been shorn of all things akin to the temporal, which, like leaden weights, cling to pleasures of the table and gluttonous delights of that nature, and which turn the eye of the soul toward things below; if, released from these, it had been turned toward

the Truth, this self-same faculty of these self-same men would have been just as keen to discern this as to see that upon which its gaze is now directed."

"Very probably," he said.

"Then is it not also probable, nay, from what was said before, positive, that neither those who are uneducated and unacquainted with Truth, nor those who are suffered to spend their whole life over their education, are qualified to be guardians of a state; the former because they have no single aim in life with a view to which all their actions, both private and public, are performed, the latter because of their own free will they perform no duties at all, imagining themselves, although still in the flesh, to be already dwelling far away in the Happy Isles?"

"Very true," said he.

"Our business, then, as founders of the State," said I, "is to compel the best endowed natures amongst us to reach that knowledge which we have already declared to be the highest of all, and to behold the Good and to make the upward journey of which we spoke; but when they have made the journey and have gazed their fill, we must not allow them to do what is now allowed them."

"What is that, pray?"

"To remain there," I said, "and refuse to come down again to the prisoners of whom we have been speaking, and to share in their labors and honors, whether trivial or important."

"What," he cried, "shall we act so unfairly by

them, as to make them live a less desirable life when they might have a better one?"

"Again, my friend," said I, "you have forgotten that the law does not concern itself for the special welfare of any one class in the State, but strives to bring about the welfare of the whole State, binding the citizens together both by persuasion and by force, and making them sharers one with the other in the benefits which they are severally able to render for the common weal; and that it creates men of this stamp in the State, not to the end that they may be free each to betake himself wheresoever he will, but that they may be made use of for the binding together of the State."

"True," said he, "I had quite forgotten."

"Consider, then, dear Glaucon," I said, "that in persuading those of us who are philosophers to have a care for others and to watch over them, we shall not be dealing unjustly by them but shall be telling them what is right. For we shall tell them that in other cities it is reasonable that men of their sort should not share in the toils of state, for they grow up of themselves, against the desire of the government, and it is right that what is of natural growth and owes its nurture to none should pay to none a nurse's wage. But you, on the other hand, we have called into existence both for your own good and for that of the whole State, to be, as it were, leaders and monarchs of the hive, because, being better and more thoroughly instructed than the others, you are better qualified to take part in life, both public and private. You must,

therefore, every one in his turn, go down to the abode of the others, and accustom yourselves to looking upon the darkness, for when you are once accustomed to it you will see ten thousand times better than those below, and will know what the different images are and of what they are the images, because you have beheld the truth in regard to the Beautiful and the Just and the Good. And thus shall our State be peopled; as a reality, not as a dream like most of our States, which are peopled by men fighting with one another for shadows and disputing about bearing rule, as if that were some mighty good. But the truth is, I imagine, that the State wherein those destined to rule are least eager for rule must needs be governed in the best and most peaceable way, while in the State where the rulers are of the opposite mind the opposite is true."

"Most assuredly," he said.

"And when our wards hear this, will they disobey us, and desire, not to share each in his turn the toils of state, but to pass the greater part of their time together in the world of pure thought?"

"Impossible," said he, "for our demands are just, and they are just men of whom we make them. Rather will each of them go to his post of command, as under stress of necessity, not at all like those who now bear rule in every one of our States."

"This, then, my friend," I said, "is the truth of the case. If for those who are destined to rule you will seek out a life which is better than ruling,

it will be possible for you to have a well-ordered State; for in such a State alone will they bear rule who are truly rich, not in gold, but in that wealth which the happy man must needs possess,—a wise and virtuous life."

PLATO.

OCTOBER 29

(John Keats, born October 29, 1796)

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more.
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid they store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by
hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are
they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river swallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew.
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:

She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,

And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use;

Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter
Ere the god of torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

MY SPIRIT is too weak—mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle and steep

Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.

Such dim-conceivéd glories of the brain
Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

JOHN KEATS.

ON THE SEA

IT KEEPS eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,
When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

JOHN KEATS.

"WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT I MAY CEASE TO BE"

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piléd books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS.

"BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE STEADFAST AS THOU ART"

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast.

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

ODE

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?

Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.

Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

JOHN KEATS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-couched ear:
Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;
Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:
The winged boy I knew;
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;

Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;

And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

JOHN KEATS.

OCTOBER 30

THE LOST JOY*

ALL day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore, Life sat.

All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young, young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up, and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is

*From "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner, by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine: and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours for ever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavily across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing, it is nothing, to-morrow it will laugh out clear." But to-morrow and to-morrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone: only, near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger, with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more for ever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them.

And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes. And when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hill-sides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful: always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

When on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange drear places—there, where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into the land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves

of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads, softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, through the dark lands and the light, always with that little brave smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also!"

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out, "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools

and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long—then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God! we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert, and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is the Perfect Love."

OLIVE SCHREINER.

A DREAM OF WILD BEES*

A MOTHER sat alone at an open window. Through it came the voices of the children as they played under the acacia-trees, and the breath of the hot afternoon air. In and out of the room flew the bees, the wild bees, with their legs yellow with pollen, going to and from the acacia-trees, droning all the while. She sat on a low chair before the table and darned. She took her work from the great basket that stood before her on the table: some lay on her knee and half covered

*From "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner, by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

the book that rested there. She watched the needle go in and out; and the dreary hum of the bees and the noise of the children's voices became a confused murmur in her ears, as she worked slowly and more slowly. Then the bees, the long-legged wasp-like fellows who make no honey, flew closer and closer to her head, droning. Then she grew more and more drowsy, and she laid her hand, with the stocking over it, on the edge of the table, and leaned her head upon it. And the voices of the children outside grew more and more dreamy, came now far, now near; then she did not hear them, but she felt under her heart where the ninth child lay. Bent forward and sleeping there, with the bees flying about her head, she had a weird brain-picture; she thought the bees lengthened and lengthened themselves out and became human creatures and moved round and round her. Then one came to her softly, saying, "Let me lay my hand upon thy side where the child sleeps. If I shall touch him he shall be as I."

She asked, "Who are you?"

And he said, "I am Health. Whom I touch will have always the red blood dancing in his veins; he will not know weariness nor pain; life will be a long laugh to him."

"No," said another, "let me touch; for I am Wealth. If I touch him material care shall not feed on him. He shall live on the blood and sinews of his fellow-men, if he will; and what his eye lusts for, his hand will have. He shall not know 'I want.'" And the child lay still like lead.

And another said, "Let me touch him: I am Fame. The man I touch, I lead to a high hill where all men may see him. When he dies he is not forgotten, his name rings down the centuries, each echoes it on to his fellows. Think—not to be forgotten through the ages!"

And the mother lay breathing steadily, but in the brain-picture they pressed closer to her.

"Let me touch the child," said one, "for I am Love. If I touch him he shall not walk through life alone. In the greatest dark, when he puts out his hand he shall find another hand by it. When the world is against him, another shall say, '*You and I.*'" And the child trembled.

But another pressed close and said, "Let me touch; for I am Talent. I can do all things—that have been done before. I touch the soldier, the statesman, the thinker, and the politician who succeed; and the writer who is never before his time, and never behind it. If I touch the child he shall not weep for failure."

About the mother's head the bees were flying, touching her with their long tapering limbs; and, in her brain-picture, out of the shadow of the room came one with sallow face, deep-lined, the cheeks drawn into hollows, and a mouth smiling quiveringly. He stretched out his hand. And the mother drew back, and cried, "Who are you?" He answered nothing; and she looked up between his eyelids. And she said, "What can you give the child—health?" And he said, "The man I touch, there wakes up in his blood a burning fever,

that shall lick his blood as fire. The fever that I will give him shall be cured when his life is cured."

"You give wealth?"

He shook his head. "The man whom I touch, when he bends to pick up gold, he sees suddenly a light over his head in the sky; while he looks up to see it, the gold slips from between his fingers, or sometimes another passing takes it from them."

"Fame?"

He answered, "Likely not. For the man I touch there is a path traced out in the sand by a finger which no man sees. That he must follow. Sometimes it leads almost to the top, and then turns down suddenly into the valley. He must follow it, though none else sees the tracing."

"Love?"

He said, "He shall hunger for it—but he shall not find it. When he stretches out his arms to it, and would lay his heart against a thing he loves, then, far off along the horizon, he shall see a light play. He must go towards it. The thing he loves will not journey with him; he must travel alone. When he presses somewhat to his burning heart, crying, 'Mine, mine, my own!' he shall hear a voice—'Renounce! renounce! this is not thine!'"

"He shall succeed?"

He said, "He shall fail. When he runs with others they shall reach the goal before him. For strange voices shall call to him and strange lights shall beckon him, and he must wait and listen. And this shall be the strangest: far off

across the burning sands where, to other men, there is only the desert's waste, he shall see a blue sea! On that sea the sun shines always, and the water is blue as burning amethyst, and the foam is white on the shore. A great land rises from it, and he shall see upon the mountain-tops burning gold."

The mother said, "He shall reach it?"

And he smiled curiously.

She said, "It is real?"

And he said, "What *is* real?"

And she looked up between his half-closed eyelids, and said, "Touch."

And he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the sleeper, and whispered to it, smiling; and this only she heard—"*This shall be thy reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee.*"

And the child trembled; but the mother slept on heavily and her brain-picture vanished. But deep within her the antenatal thing that lay here had a dream. In those eyes that had never seen the day, in that half-shaped brain was a sensation of light! Light—that it never had seen. Light—that perhaps it never should see. Light—that existed somewhere!

And already it had its reward: the Ideal was real to it.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

OCTOBER 31

THE PAYMASTER OF THE REGIMENT*

FRU RAKLITZ'S reformation may not have been so complete, after all, for the old housekeeper could never sufficiently impress upon the little Lagerlöf children what a fortunate thing it was for Mamselle Lisa Maja that she got so good a husband as Paymaster Daniel Lagerlöf. He was no rich man; but wise, and kindly, and honorable he had always been. In him she had found just the protector she needed.

To be sure he was no priest, but his father and grandfather, his great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather had all been clergymen and married to daughters of clergymen, so that he could claim kinship with all the old clerical families of Värmland. Any preaching or speech-making gift he had not inherited from his forebears, but the tendency to guide and govern a whole community was in his blood. The Ämtervik peasants, who at first thought ill of him because he had married the Mårbacka parson's daughter—thereby upsetting the old order—soon grew accustomed to having him run the important affairs of the parish.

*From "Mårbacka," a story of Miss Lagerlöf's childhood.

The children were astonished to hear the housekeeper speak in that way of their grandfather. They had heard stories of him which were common among the people. He was said to have been a great violinist, and in his youth, at least, was so moody and high-strung that the humdrum of home life wore on him and he had to go his own ways.

But that the old housekeeper denied most emphatically. No, indeed there was nothing queer about the Paymaster of the Regiment. She could not imagine who had put such ideas into the children's heads. It was merely that his official duties forced him to live away on journeys most of the time. As Paymaster of the Regiment once a year he had to travel through the whole of Värmland, to collect the war tax. And not only was he the Paymaster of the Regiment, but Manager of the Kymsberg Iron Works, far up by the Norwegian boundary; and all at once he had to be up and off for there. Then, too, he had such a good name that people were always asking him to serve as executor and administrator. Most bothersome of all had been his trusteeship for Judge Sandelin's wife, who had inherited seven foundries from Iron Master Antonsson. He had to spend months on end at these various foundries, straightening out the tangled affairs.

But as soon as ever he could get away he hurried back to Mårbacka. If he chanced to come home some morning, unobserved, he would hunt up his violin and stand outside the bedroom window, and awaken his wife with music.

Now that much may have been true, perhaps; but he ran away from home and was gone for long periods without letting any one know his whereabouts—that was just something folks imagined, because 'twas always the wife who ruled at Mårbacka.

The children were very sorry to hear that their grandfather had been such a sober, serious, matter-of-fact person. And of course they had to believe what the old housekeeper told them.

Then, one evening, when their parents had gone to a party, the housemaid, who was to sit up for them, had persuaded Maja, the new nurse, who succeeded Back-Kaisa, to keep her company. They made a fire in the tile-stove of the nursery, drew up the children's little red chairs, and sat talking in whispers so as not to disturb the three little girls, who had gone to bed.

By and by the door creaked and in walked the old housekeeper. She had been wondering where the housemaid had betaken herself, and had been all through the house looking for her. She, too, drew up a chair. Anyway, she declared she'd not be able to sleep till she knew the master and mistress were safely home.

Now that the three of them were seated by the open fire so cosy and intimate-like, the two maids seized the opportunity to ask the housekeeper's advice in a weighty matter.

"We were just saying, Lina and I, that we ought to make dream-porridge," said Nurse Maja; "but we don't know as 'twould do any good."

In that way they tempted the old housekeeper to tell what had happened when Lisa Maja Wennervik made a dream-pancake.

On New Year's Eve of the last Christmas Week that Pastor Wennervik was alive Mamselle Lisa Maja, for fun, made a dream-pancake. She had just turned seventeen, and 'twas time for her to be thinking of marriage. So she measured out three spoonfuls of water, three spoonfuls of meal, and three spoonfuls of salt, and stirred them together, then she poured the mixture on a hot griddle, ate as much of the pancake as she could get down, and went right to bed. She must have had some difficulty getting to sleep, though, for the salty pancake had given her an awful thirst; and to drink anything before sleeping would break the spell.

In the morning she couldn't remember whether she had dreamt anything. But later in the day, on going out on the front porch, she stopped in amazement. All at once she remembered having dreamed in the night of standing on that very spot. Two strange men—one old, one young—had come up to her. The older man had said he was Dean Lagerlöf of Arvika, and that he had come with his son to ask her if she were not thirsty and would like a drink of water. With that, the younger man had immediately stepped forward and offered her a glass of water. And she was very glad when she saw the clear, fresh water, for even in her sleep her throat felt parched.

There the dream ended. But from that mo-

ment she knew who was to be her husband; for the one who comes in the dream and offers you water when you have eaten dream-pancake, he is the one you will marry.

Mamselle Lisa Maja wondered how this could come about, for at that time she did not know any one by the name of Lagerlöf. But one day, soon after New Year's, as she was standing at the window, a sledge came up the driveway. Suddenly she gave a cry and nipped the housekeeper by the sleeve.

"Here comes the one I saw in the dream," she said. "You'll find that his name is Lagerlöf."

And 'twas just as she had said. The man in the sledge was Daniel Lagerlöf, manager of the Kymsberg Iron Works, who had come to buy hay.

The first sight of him must have been a disappointment. He was not handsome and he looked so sombre she did not see how she could ever like him.

He stayed the night at Mårbacka. In the morning the stableboy came in and said that a fox and two wolves had fallen into the fox-pit. None of the men on the place seemed to know what to do to get the trapped animals out, but the Kymsberg manager jumped into the pit with no weapon but a knotted stick. He dealt the wolves a couple of blows on the head, stunning them, then slipped a noose round their necks by which to draw them up.

Mamselle Lisa Maja was so taken by the courage of the man, she quite lost her heart to him. She

vowed to herself, then and there, that him and none other would she have for a husband.

He, on his part, had fallen in love with her at this their first meeting, though he would not let on. He had once been engaged, it seemed, and although the betrothed was now dead, he felt that he must be true to her memory, and have no thought for another.

At all events, he came to Mårbacka for hay several times that winter. He soon saw that Lisa Maja had none too easy a time of it with that stepmother of hers. He felt sorry for her and wanted to help her. But Lord o' mercy! he couldn't court her himself on account of the dear departed. But there was his brother Elof, who was a priest somewhere up in the Finn-forests; now he might marry her, he thought.

He brought about a meeting between his brother and Lisa Maja—which was the worst thing he could have done. The brother fell desperately in love with the girl, and could think of none but her for the rest of his life; while she loved the Kymsberg manager and had no eyes for his brother

Pastor Lagerlöf, however, never got so far as to propose. He was commanded by his bishop to marry a person who had lived in his home several years, and to whom he had promised marriage. Fru Raklitz had played a hand in that game, which ended only in misery. For when Pastor Lagerlöf could not have Lisa Maja he took to drink, and

finally became as dissolute and worthless as he had once been noble and high-minded.

Now Daniel Lagerlöf had no one to put forward as substitute. If he meant to help the Mårbacka parson's daughter he must come to the scratch himself. Besides, he probably felt now it was better to think of the living than to mourn for the dead. So he actually plucked up courage enough to propose.

Mamselle Lisa Maja was very happy, and thought her troubles would soon be over. But before very long her betrothed began to act strangely, as if he wished to avoid her. He seldom appeared at Mårbacka now, and when he was there he would sit silent for hours and only gaze at her, or he would take out his violin and play from the time he came until he left. At last a whole year went by without her seeing him.

If she asked him when they were to be married he put her off with excuses. Once he said they must wait until he had earned enough to buy out the other heirs to Mårbacka. Another time he had to help put his brothers through college; and again, he thought they had better wait and see whether he'd succeed in getting the post of Paymaster of the Regiment.

He kept postponing and postponing. Now he had too much writing to do, and now too much travelling—till at last no one except Mamselle Lisa Maja herself believed they would ever be married. That made it all the harder for her.

Eligible young gentlemen from Sunne—from Ämbervik—now came a-courting. She let them all understand they had their trouble for nothing. But some were so persistent they came again and again, and if she forbade them the house they would lie in wait for her at the edge of the woods, and pop out when she appeared in the road.

All the mean things they could say of Daniel Lagerlöf they took pains to tell her. One time she heard that he consorted with the disreputable besotten cavaliers who drove about the country-side harrying homesteads, and were the terror of all decent folk; another time she was told that he ran about in the woods like a wild animal. Some chaffed her, saying he had now got the post of Paymaster of the Regiment and could jolly well marry her, unless he'd grown tired of his bargain. Others tried to weaken her by hinting that he was after the daughter of Finn-Eric, who was reputed to be the richest man in the country.

None of that had any effect upon Lisa Maja; she was as happy and confident as ever that it would be as foretold in the dream.

Then one day a rumour reached her ears to the effect that her betrothed had said if he were only released from his engagement he would go abroad, and learn to play the violin properly.

That impressed her as nothing else had. She went down to the stable at once to find Long-Bengt.

She said: "Now Bengt, you must get out the chaise and drive up to Kymsberg, to fetch the

Paymaster of the Regiment; for I wish to speak with him."

"Ay, be sure I'll try, Mamselle," said Long-Bengt. "But what shall I do if he won't come along willingly?"

"Tell him you dare not return without him," she said.

And Long-Bengt went.

It was a day's journey to Kymsberg, and Long-Bengt did not get back until the evening of the second day; but in the chaise with him was the Paymaster of the Regiment.

Mamselle Lisa Maja received him cordially, as usual. She asked him into the living room, and bade him sit down and rest a bit after his long journey. They would hurry with the supper, she said, as he must be hungry.

He paced up and down the room impatiently; he seemed only to be waiting for the moment when he could be off.

When they were seated at table—just they two—Lisa Maja turned to him when the housekeeper came in with the food—as if she'd only been waiting for her—and asked him whether it was true that he wanted to break off with her.

"Oh, yes," he answered, looking solemn as an owl. Such was his wish, of course; she should have guessed that long ago.

The blood rushed to her face. If she had not questioned him about this before, she said, it was because she firmly believed they were destined for each other. Then, with a forced laugh, he asked

her what she meant by that. She flushed crimson. Now she told him in a few words about the dream-pancake, of how in a dream she had seen him and his father, and what the father had said to her.

He put down his knife and fork, and stared in amazement.

"This must be something you have just made up," he said.

"You can ask Maja Persdotter if I did not recognize you and say who you were before you were out of the sledge, the first time you came to buy hay," said Mamselle Lisa Maja, turning to the housekeeper, who was then passing round the food.

"But why haven't you spoken of this before?" he questioned her.

"That, I think, you must understand," she answered. "I did not wish to hold you by any bond but your own desire."

For a long moment he sat silent—evidently much impressed by what he had heard. Presently he asked:

"Can you tell me how the man looked who said he was Dean Lagerlöf of Arvika?"

"Yes," said she, and went on to describe him. Her description of the father must have been accurate, feature for feature, for the son was so startled he involuntarily jumped up from the table.

"But my father died the year I was born," he said. "You may have heard people speak of him, perhaps?"

"I had never seen a Lagerlöf nor heard of either

you or your father before I met you in a dream. Ask Maja Persdotter standing there beside you if she hasn't heard me describe your father many, many times."

He went up close to her. "If only I dared believe this!" He walked round the room and back to her. . . . "Why—then *you* were the one my dear father meant for me, and not——"

What Mamselle Lisa Maja replied the old housekeeper never heard, for she saw 'twas time for her to be going.

The young lovers sat talking together till far into the night, and—well—that autumn they were married.

Mamselle Lisa Maja afterwards told the old housekeeper it was only his morbid conscience that had stood in the way. He had felt he would be wronging the dead sweetheart, and he had brooded over his brother Elof, and thought he had no right to happiness when the brother was so unhappy—and all on account of him.

But in her dream he had found something to hold to, something to be guided by, which gave him the courage to do what he wished above everything.

From the day of his marriage he was a changed man, though during the first years the old despondency came over him at times; but later he was as tranquil and even-tempered as could be. A year after the wedding at Mårbacka his brother was drowned, and then for a while it was pretty hard; but that, too, passed over.

The old mistress and he were married six-and-forty years, and the last thirty years of their union all was serene; there was no happier couple in the world.

. . . . . .

The little children lay in their beds listening and delighting. Until then their grandfather had been to them no more than a wooden image, and now all at once had come alive.

SELMA LAGERLÖF.

END OF VOLUME XX

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